



10c ALL NEW STORIES

FEB. NO. 233



Adventure COMICS

Featuring
**"JOE SMITH,
MAN OF STEEL!"**



GREAT SCOTT!
THAT FELLOW HAS
SUPER-POWERS
LIKE MINE!

ROAD UNDER
CONSTRUCTION
DANGER

"WE'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T.N.T IN YOUR FISTS"

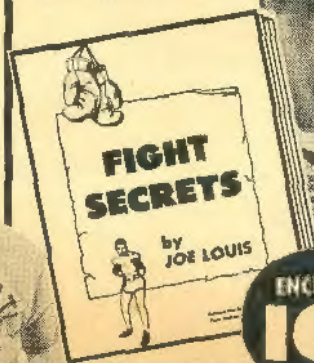
Says **JOE LOUIS**, Great World Champion



*Are
You...*

- Tired
- Nervous
- Rundown
- Skinny
- Fat and Flabby
- Always being picked on

Then do exactly as
Joe and his Champion
Staff of Instructors
tell you. For full facts
send coupon below.



ENCLOSE
10c

ACT NOW!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

I wish you could come to Lou Stillman's famous training headquarters with me . . . see how the Champions build their bodies and keep physically fit.

Are you fat and flabby? Watch Ted Kluszewski, of the Cincinnati Reds show his surefire method to remove fat. Want powerful shoulders? Football star Doak Walker has a proven body builder that gives you results . . . FAST!

If you want to be a star athlete or look like one . . . let famous Stars show you how. It's simple. It's easy. Find out how we can make you a *real man* in 15 minutes a day.

Extra! I'll send you my "Fight Secrets" for just 10c—so that you'll be sure to write me. Get off the bench—and into the game. Send me the coupon below right now!

Sincerely,

Joe Louis

LET 20 GREAT STARS GIVE YOU...POWER SKILL, CONFIDENCE

Now, for the first time, famous Champions train you . . . coach you . . . and help you command the respect of your friends!

TED KLUSZEWSKI gives you his sure-fire method to loosen up for action for baseball and football . . . EASY



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BOB COUSY shows you how to develop stamina sharpen your speed and coordination for basketball . . . handball . . . LOTS OF FUN

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KID GAVILAN reveals his secrets of split second timing, increases your resistance . . .

PAUL GIEL gives you tremendous leg power and toughens you up for football.

Win new popularity. Guaranteed to add solid inches to your chest. Easy . . . At Home . . . In less than 15 minutes a day!

"Ted"



"THANKS" TO THE CHAMPS

"I just had to send you this snapshot showing my new muscles!"
—Robert Colville, Union City, N. J.

"I was big and soft. Now I'm strong and sure of myself . . . nobody pushes me around!"—Bob Rumbold, Marietta, Ohio

"Thanks for helping me. It feels good winning, instead of losing all the time!"
—Victor Mannachio, Montreal, Canada



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33 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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☐ Please send me absolutely FREE a full and complete explanation of how The National Sports Council can build me the right kind of body.

☐ Enclosed is 10c. Include your famous Fight Secrets.

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SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of
SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY

CONDEMNED
TO BE WRECKED
By Order of
Mayor of
Midvale

HOORAY
FOR JOE SMITH!
HE'S AS POWERFUL
AS **SUPERBOY!**

HE SURE
IS! IF I'M THE
BOY OF STEEL,
HE'S THE
MAN OF STEEL!

AS WE ALL KNOW, SMALLVILLE
IS PROUD TO BE THE HOME
TOWN OF HEROIC **SUPERBOY!**
BUT ANOTHER SMALL TOWN
GAINS SUDDEN FAME WHEN
SUPER FEATS ARE PERFORMED
THERE BY A GROWN MAN! YET
HOW CAN THERE BE A
"SUPERMAN" BEFORE
SUPERBOY HIMSELF GROWS
UP? YOU WILL SEE THE AMAZING
ANSWERS WHEN THE **BOY OF
STEEL MEETS...**

**JOE SMITH,
MAN OF
STEEL**

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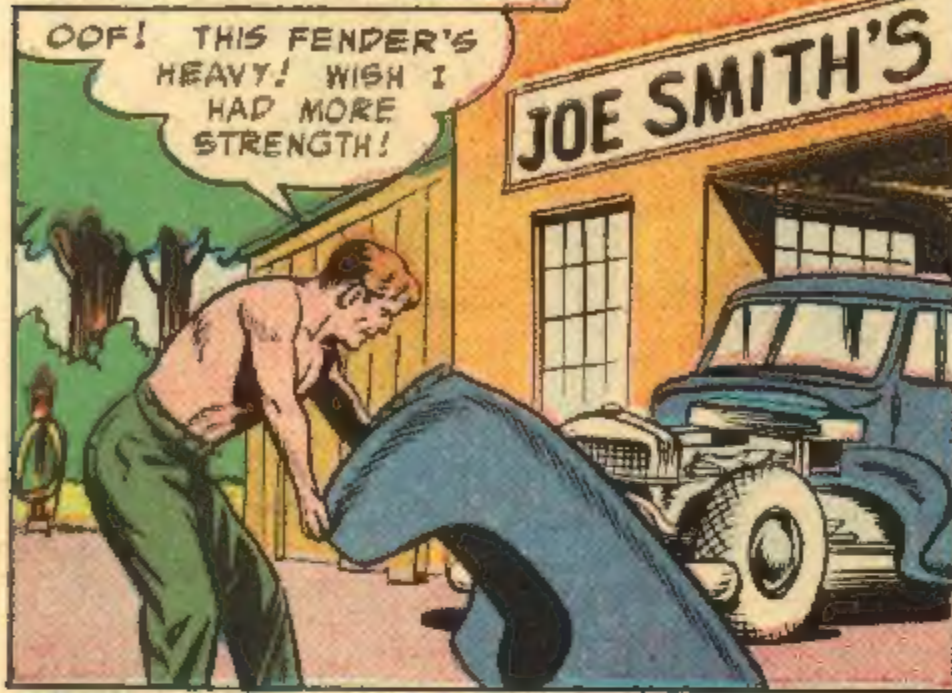
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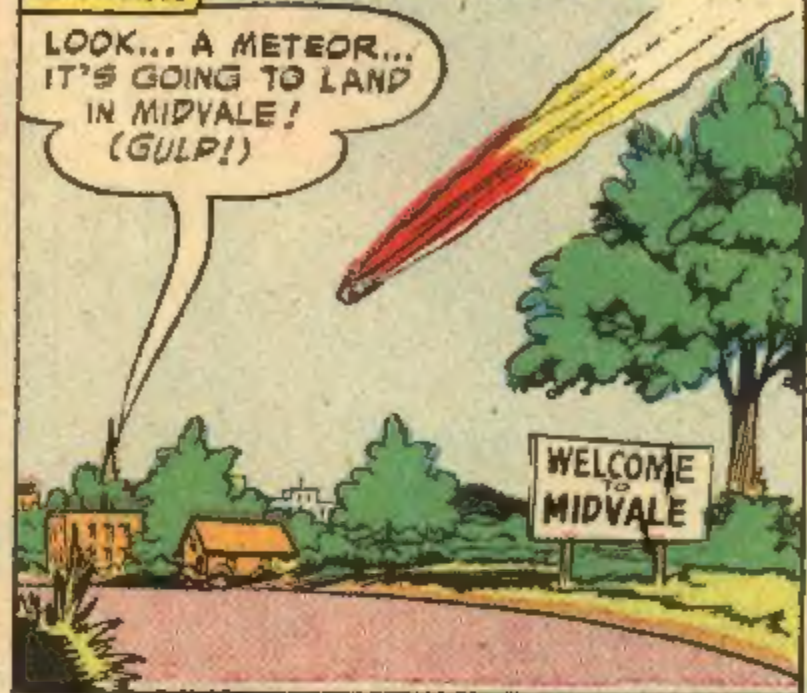
ADVENTURE COMICS



LET US VISIT THE SMALL TOWN OF MIDVALE AND PAUSE TO WATCH JOE SMITH, AN ORDINARY MAN PLYING A COMMON TRADE...



DESTINY IS ABOUT TO FULFILL THE GARAGE MECHANIC'S WISH, AS SUDDENLY, IN THE SKY ABOVE...



BUT, FORTUNATELY, IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF SMALLVILLE, CLARK KENT'S TELESCOPIC VISION SPIES THE DANGER...



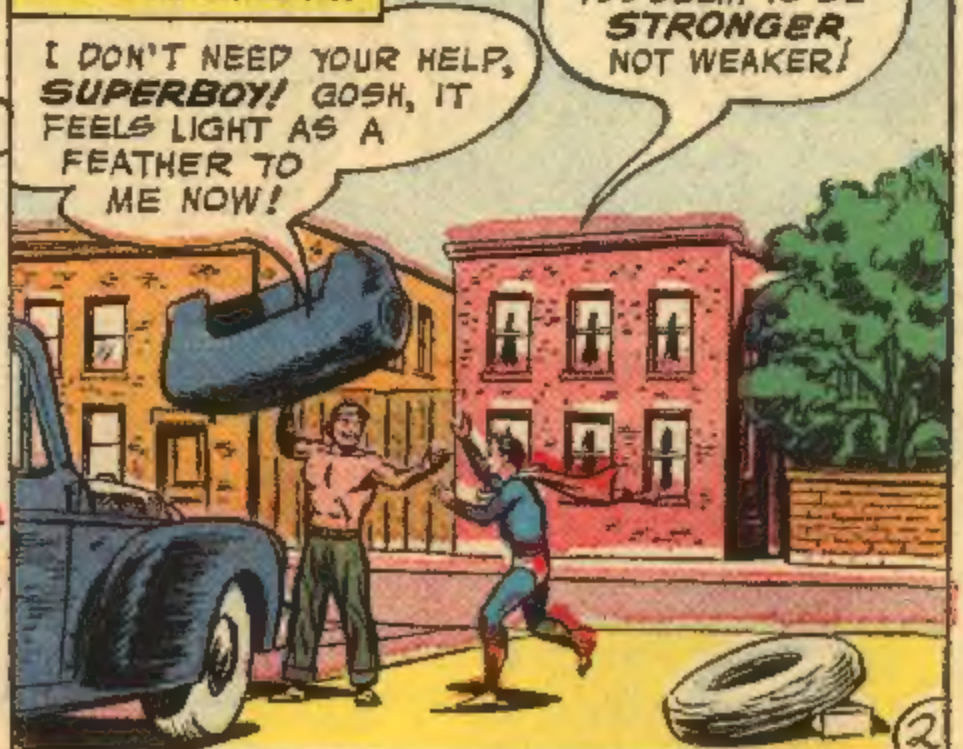
A SWIFT CHANGE OF CLOTHING... A LIGHTNING TRIP... AND SECONDS LATER, **SUPERBOY** INTERCEPTS THE METEOR IN MIDVALE...



DESPITE THE BLAST, JOE SMITH SEEMS UNHARMED...



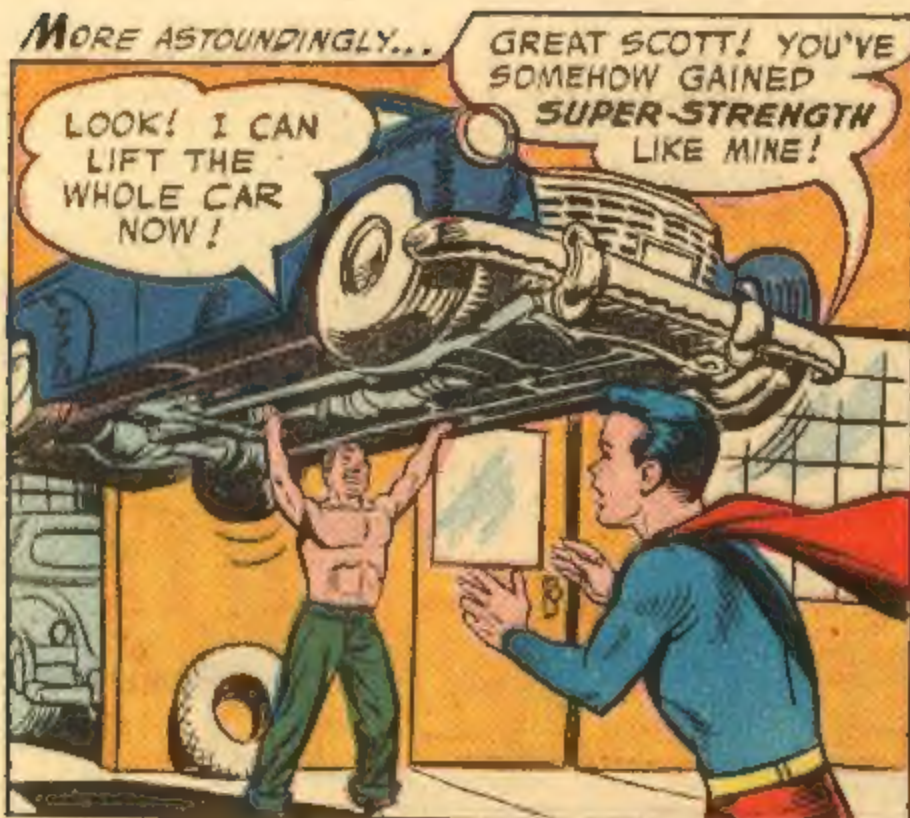
BUT AMAZINGLY...



MORE ASTOUNDINGLY...

GREAT SCOTT! YOU'VE
SOMEHOW GAINED
SUPER-STRENGTH
LIKE MINE!

LOOK! I CAN
LIFT THE
WHOLE CAR
NOW!



SUDDENLY...

LOOK OUT, JOE...
THAT LOOSE ENGINE
PART IS FALLING
ON YOUR HEAD!

WHAT ENGINE PART? I
DIDN'T FEEL IT! DOES
THIS MEAN--?



AFTER SETTING THE CAR DOWN...

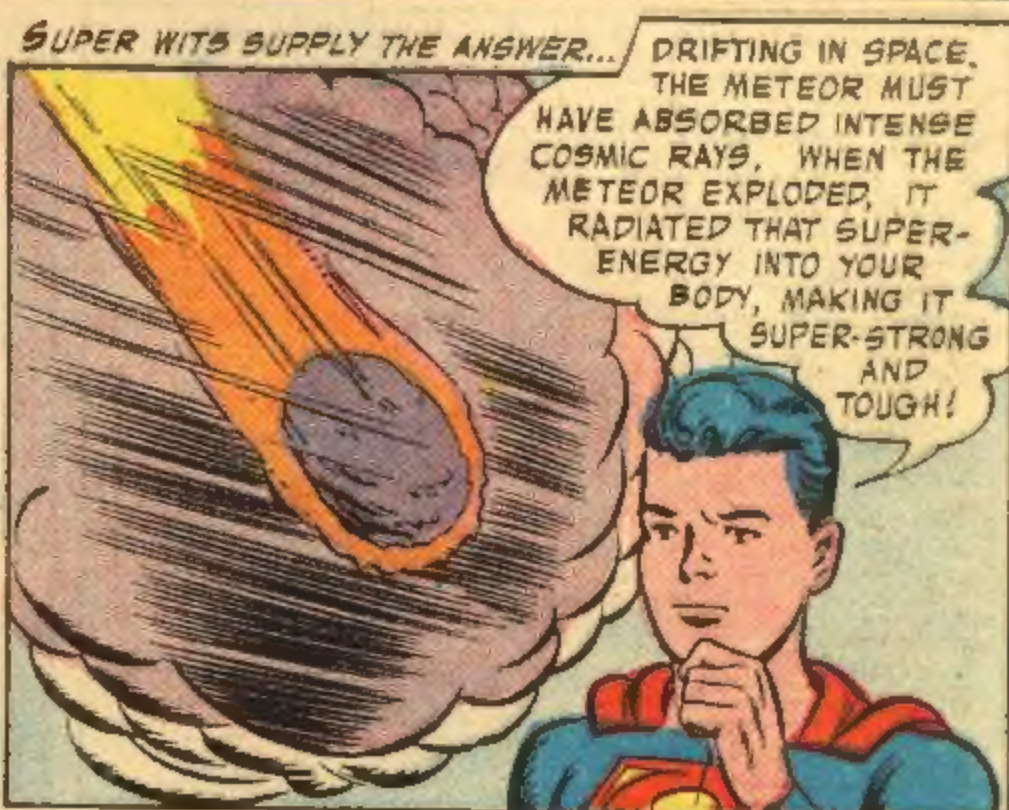
IT'S TRUE! EVEN
THIS BLOWTORCH
CAN'T BURN
MY SKIN!

THEN BESIDES
SUPER-STRENGTH,
YOUR BODY ALSO
ACQUIRED INVULNERA-
BILITY! HOW DID THIS...
THIS FANTASTIC
THING HAPPEN?
HMM... I SEE!



SUPER WITS SUPPLY THE ANSWER...

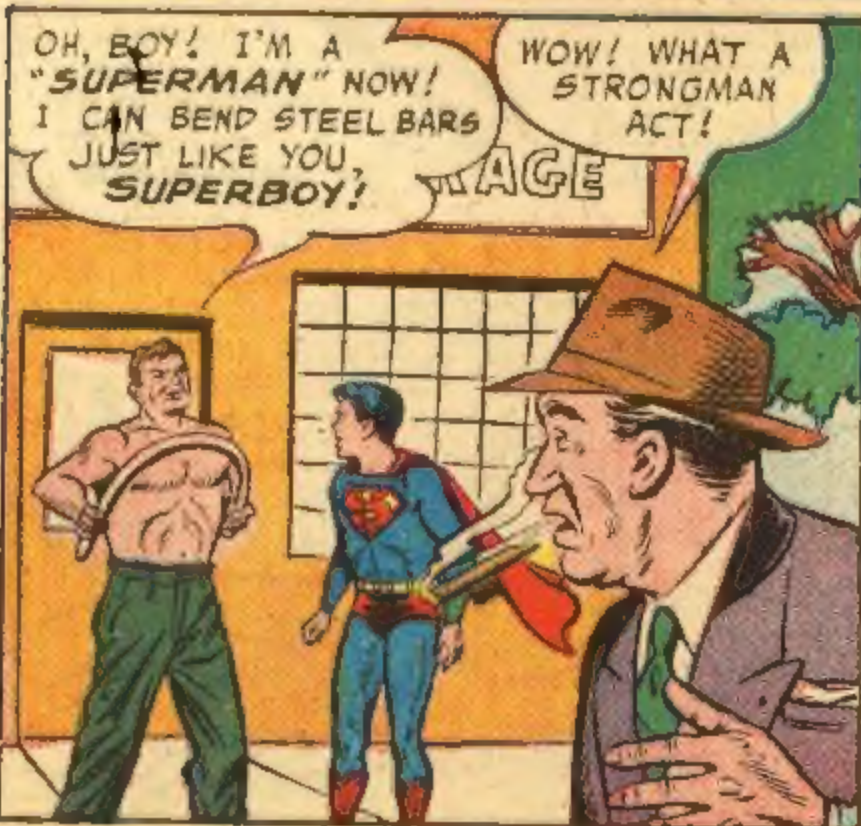
DRIFTING IN SPACE,
THE METEOR MUST
HAVE ABSORBED INTENSE
COSMIC RAYS, WHEN THE
METEOR EXPLODED, IT
RADIATED THAT SUPER-
ENERGY INTO YOUR
BODY, MAKING IT
SUPER-STRONG
AND
TOUGH!



OH, BOY! I'M A
"SUPERMAN" NOW!
I CAN BEND STEEL BARS
JUST LIKE YOU,
SUPERBOY!

WOW! WHAT A
STRONGMAN
ACT!

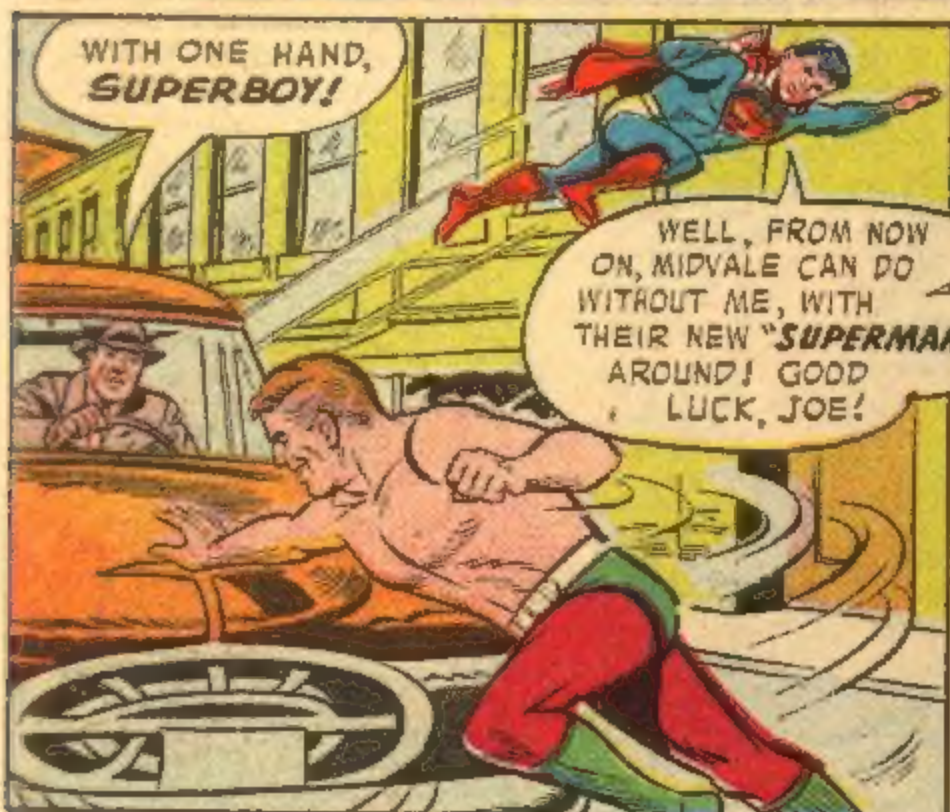
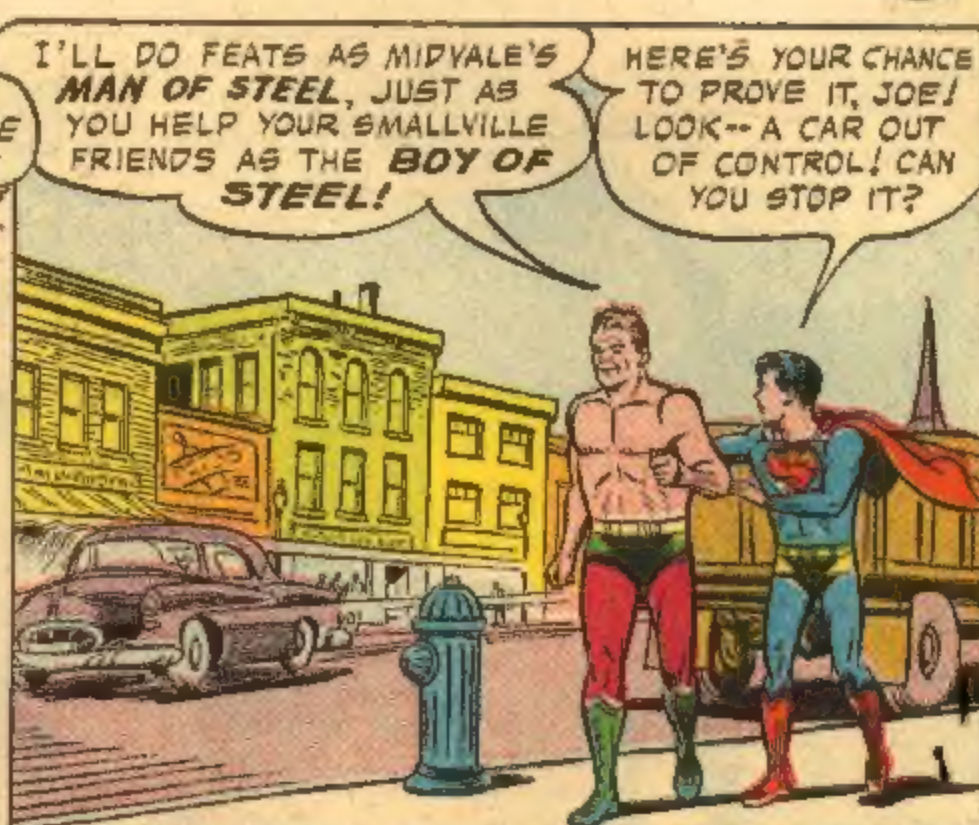
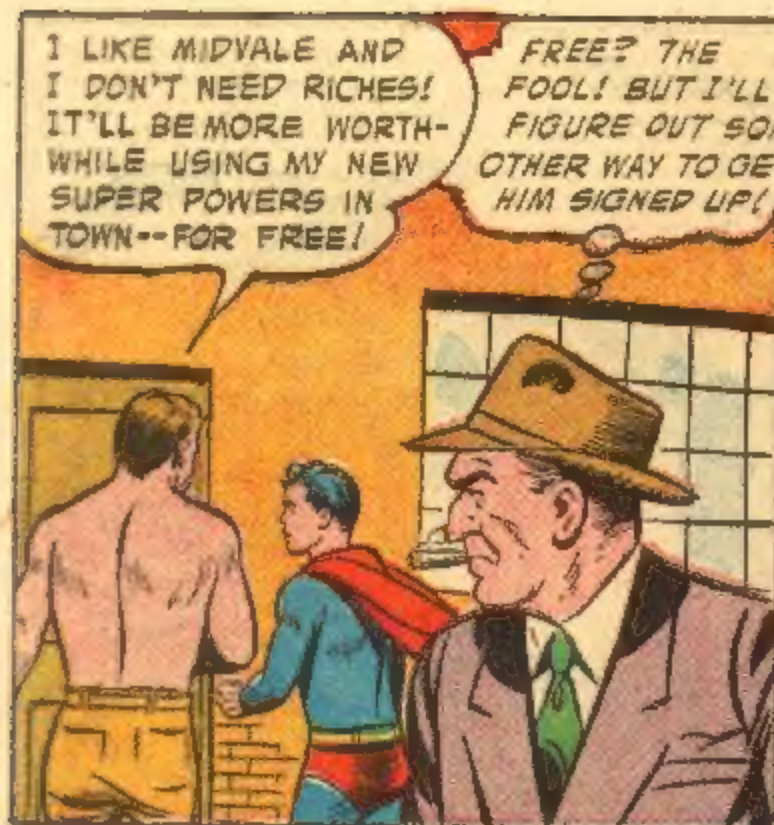
WAGE



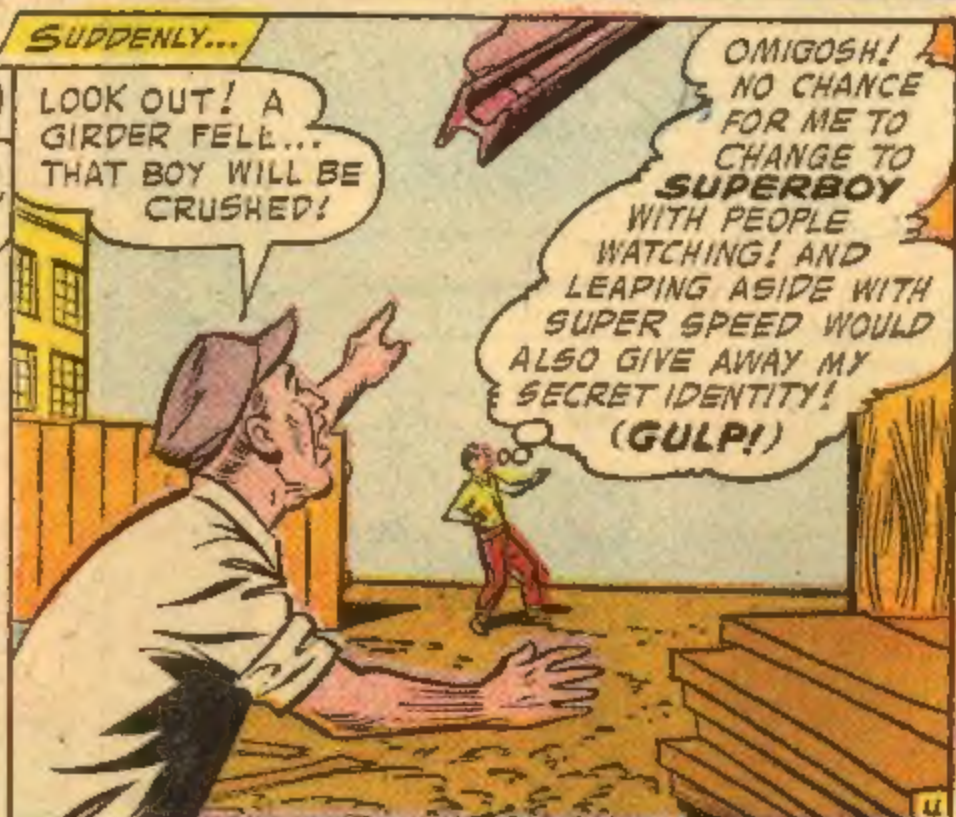
A PASSERBY PAUSES WITH AN
EAGER PROPOSITION... SORRY-- NO!

I'M CAL PAYNE, PROMOTER! YOU'RE
LUCKY I CAME ALONG! YOU'LL
MAKE A FORTUNE, TOURING THE
WORLD AS THE **MAN OF STEEL**,
SEE? I'LL BE YOUR MANAGER...
SIGN HERE!





LATER, AFTER **SUPERBOY** CHANGES TO HIS EVERYDAY "CLARK KENT" GUISE...



BUT JOE SMITH LEAPS TO THE RESCUE!

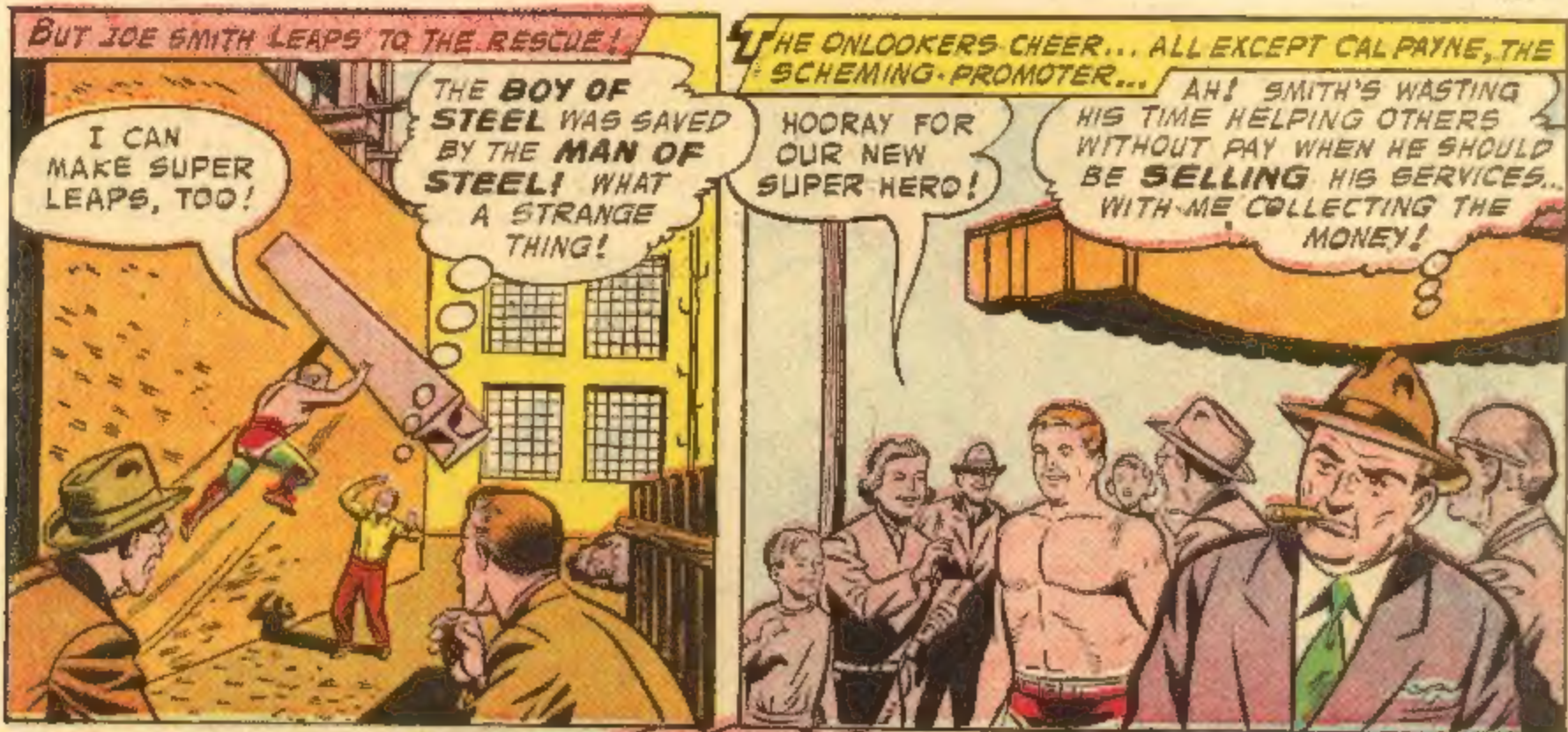
I CAN MAKE SUPER LEAPS, TOO!

THE BOY OF STEEL WAS SAVED BY THE MAN OF STEEL! WHAT A STRANGE THING!

HOORAY FOR OUR NEW SUPER-HERO!

THE ONLOOKERS CHEER... ALL EXCEPT CAL PAYNE, THE SCHEMING PROMOTER...

AH! SMITH'S WASTING HIS TIME HELPING OTHERS WITHOUT PAY WHEN HE SHOULD BE SELLING HIS SERVICES... WITH ME COLLECTING THE MONEY!

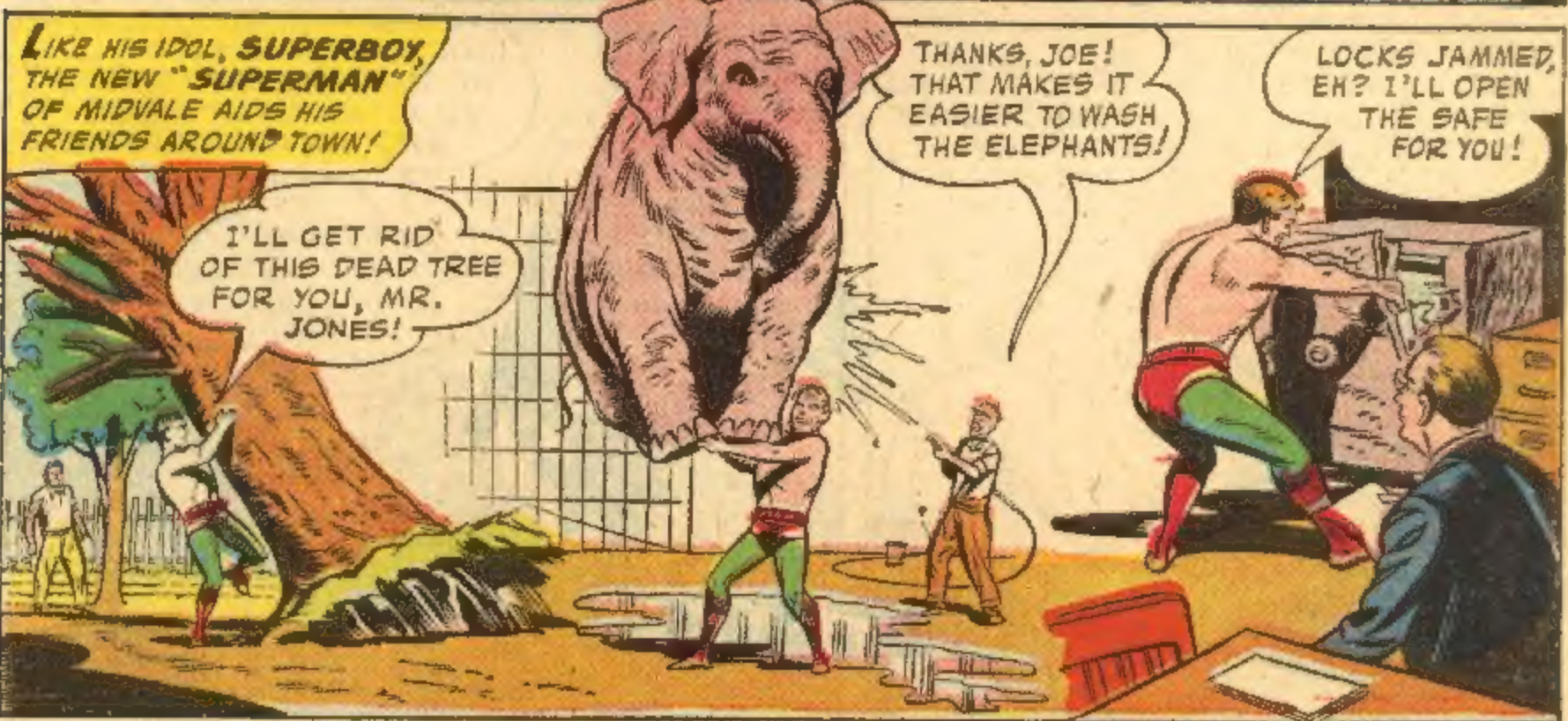


LIKE HIS IDOL, SUPERBOY, THE NEW "SUPERMAN" OF MIDVALE AIDS HIS FRIENDS AROUND TOWN!

I'LL GET RID OF THIS DEAD TREE FOR YOU, MR. JONES!

THANKS, JOE! THAT MAKES IT EASIER TO WASH THE ELEPHANTS!

LOCKS JAMMED, EH? I'LL OPEN THE SAFE FOR YOU!



FOLLOWING HIM AROUND, CLARK (SUPERBOY) KENT FINDS HIMSELF TOTALLY UNNEEDED, UNTIL...

NOW TO SMASH UP THOSE OLD CARS INTO SCRAP METAL FOR THE JUNKMAN!

HMM... I'LL CHANGE AND BEAT HIM TO THAT JOB!

JUNK YARD

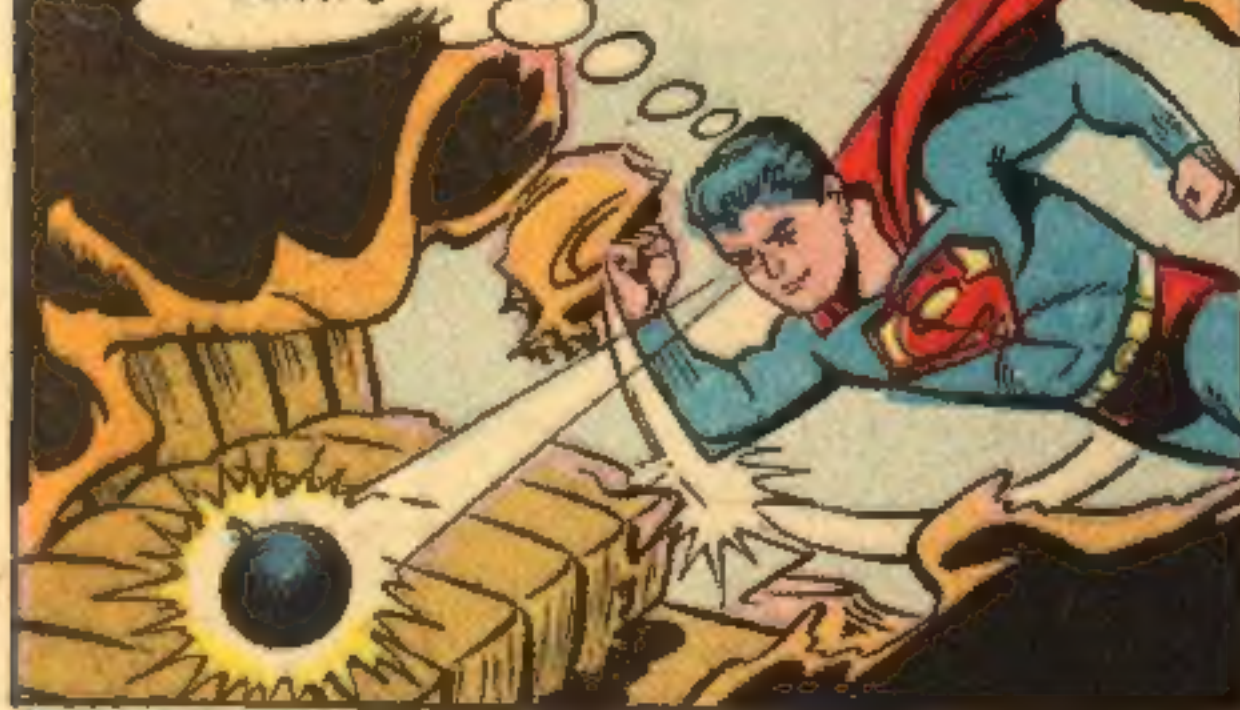


LOOK! SUPERBOY CAME TO DO THE JOB AHEAD OF JOE! IS HE JEALOUS OF OUR MAN OF STEEL?



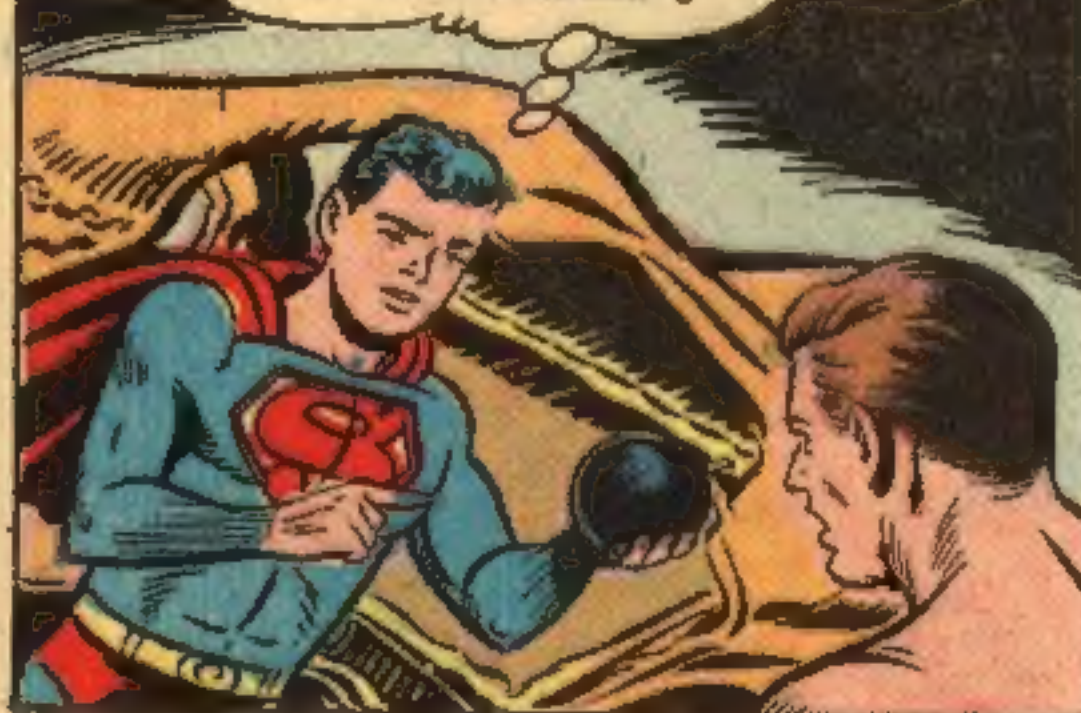
CAN IT BE TRUE THAT SUPERBOY RESENTS HIS NEW RIVAL "SUPERMAN"?

THIS USED TO BE A GANGSTER'S CAR, WITH SOMETHING DANGEROUS HIDDEN UNDER THE SEAT!



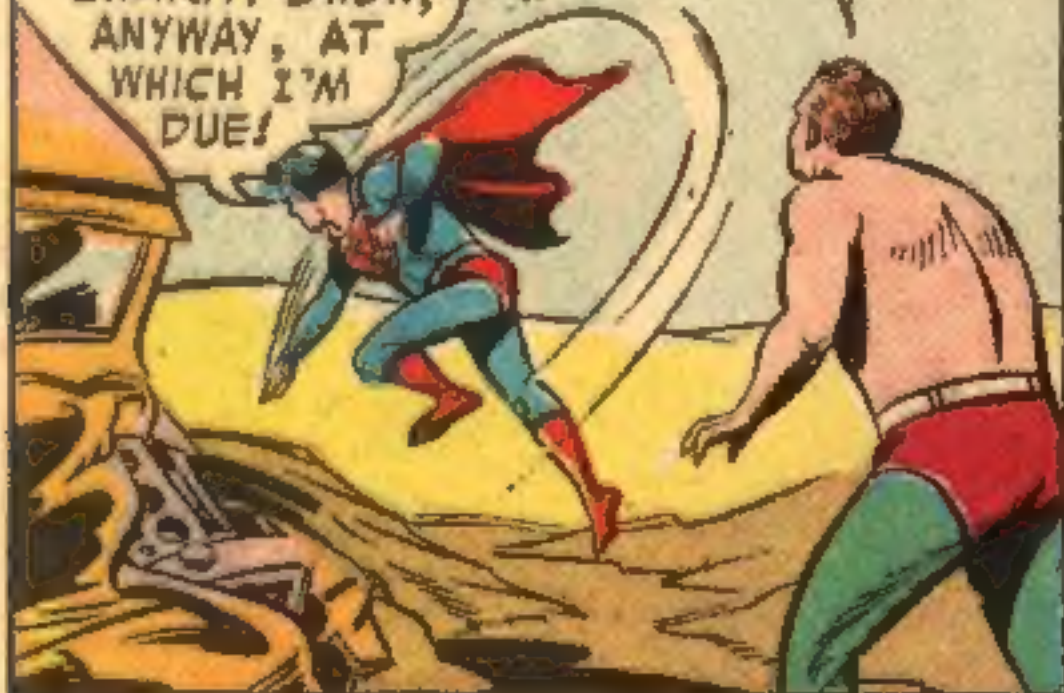
SUPERBOY HAS A DIFFERENT MOTIVATION THAN PETTY JEALOUSY!

I SPOTTED THIS BOMB EARLIER WITH MY X-RAY VISION. IF I HAD LET YOU SMASH THE CAR, YOU WOULD HAVE SET OFF AN EXPLOSION HARMING THE ONLOOKERS, IF NOT YOURSELF!



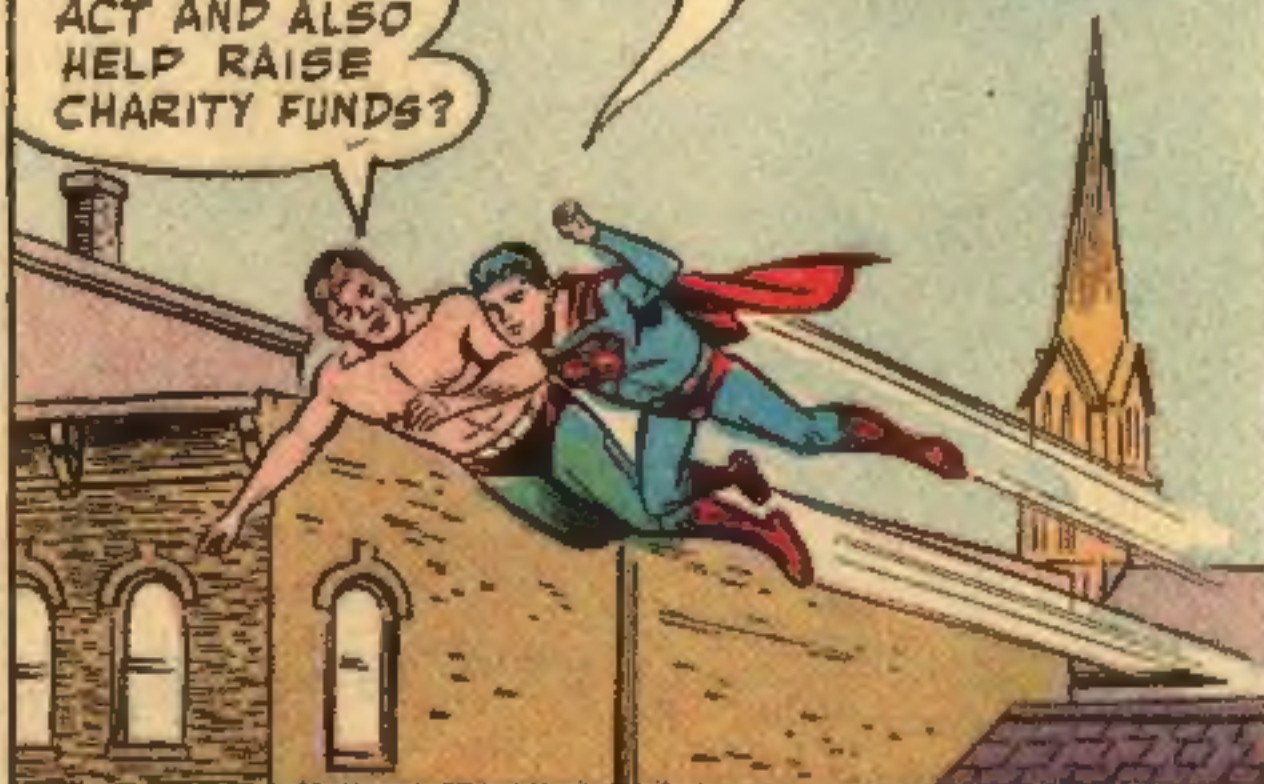
A HIDDEN BOMB! GOSH, YOU SAVED ME FROM BLUNDERING INTO TROUBLE, **SUPERBOY!** I'M GLAD YOU STAYED AROUND!

WELL, I HAD TO STAY FOR THE CHARITY SHOW, ANYWAY, AT WHICH I'M DUE!

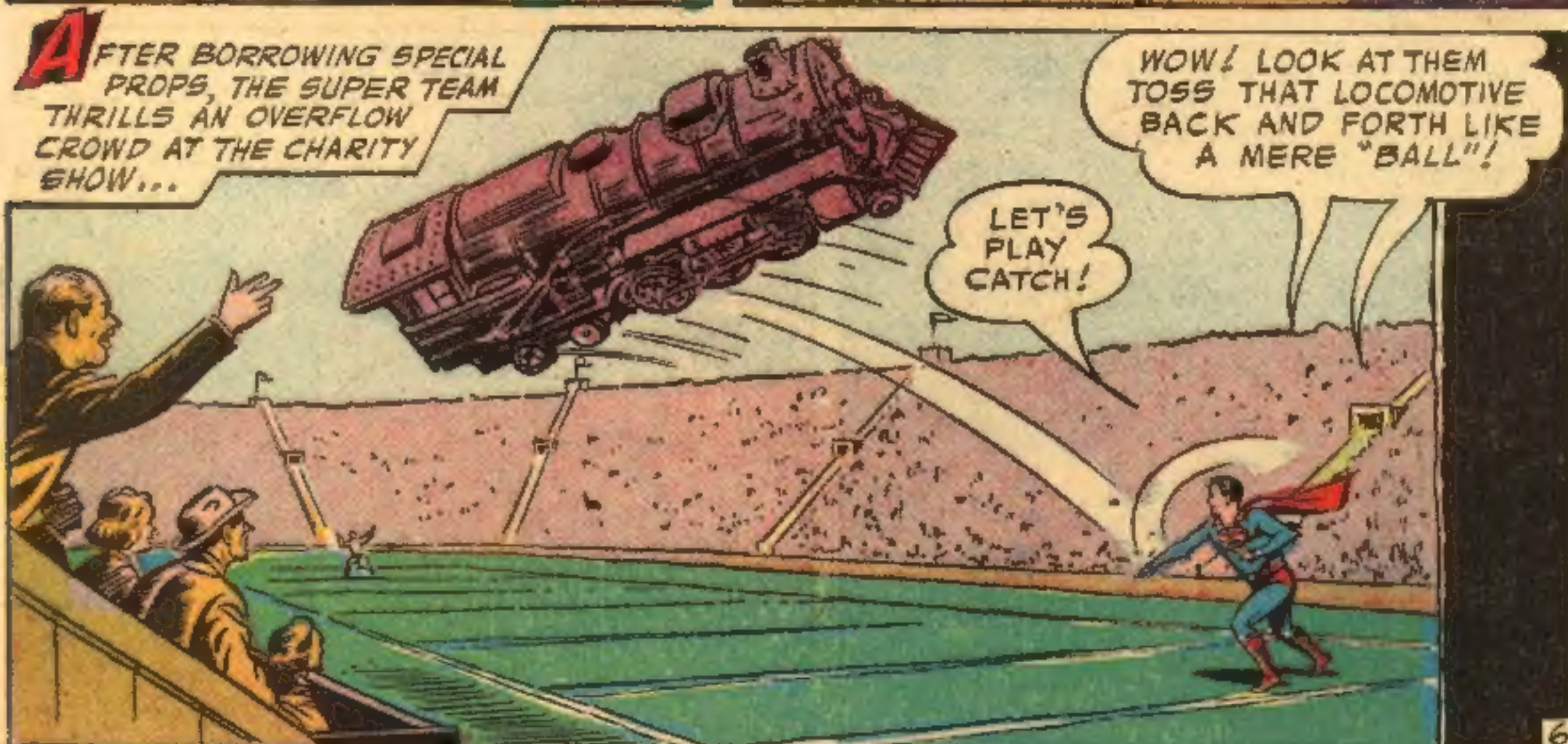


WHY NOT LET ME JOIN YOUR ACT AND ALSO HELP RAISE CHARITY FUNDS?

GOOD IDEA, JOE! WE'LL ATTRACT MORE DONATORS AS A TEAM... THE **BOY AND MAN OF STEEL!**



AFTER BORROWING SPECIAL PROPS, THE SUPER TEAM THRILLS AN OVERFLOW CROWD AT THE CHARITY SHOW...



WOW! LOOK AT THEM TOSS THAT LOCOMOTIVE BACK AND FORTH LIKE A MERE "BALL"!

LET'S PLAY CATCH!

AFTER THE SHOW, SUPERBOY TAKES
LEAVE...

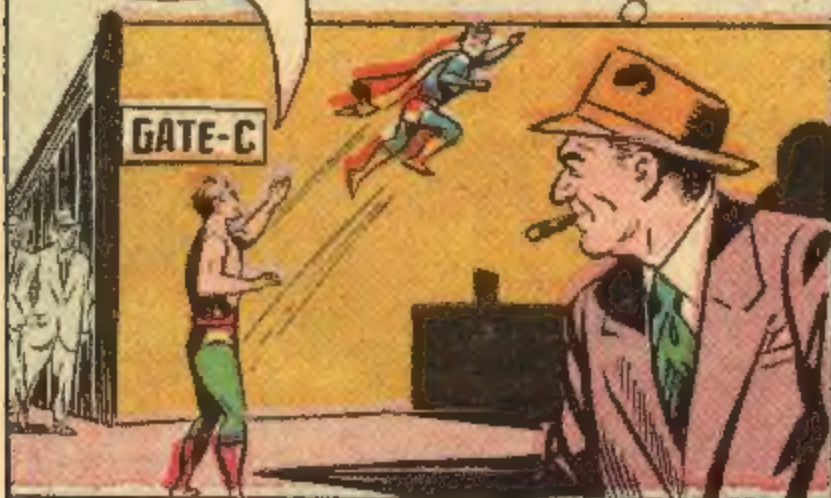
THANKS, **SUPERBOY!**
THAT WAS WORTHWHILE,
USING MY SUPER POWERS
TO RAISE CHARITY
FUNDS!

AH, NOW I
KNOW HOW
TO HOOK
JOE!

CAL PAYNE USES CUNNING...

JOE, DID IT OCCUR TO YOU
THAT YOU CAN RAISE MORE
MONEY FOR CHARITY BY
SIMPLY CHARGING FEES
TO HELP OTHERS WHO
CAN USE YOUR POWERS?

HMM... WHY
NOT? THAT
WOULD BE HELPING
MY FRIENDS AND
CHARITY BOTH!



TO SAVE TIME, I'LL DRIVE
AROUND FINDING BIG JOBS
FOR YOU! SIGN THIS
CONTRACT SO FOLKS
WILL KNOW THAT YOU
AGREE TO HELP THEM!
ALL THE MONEY WILL GO TO
CHARITY, I PROMISE!

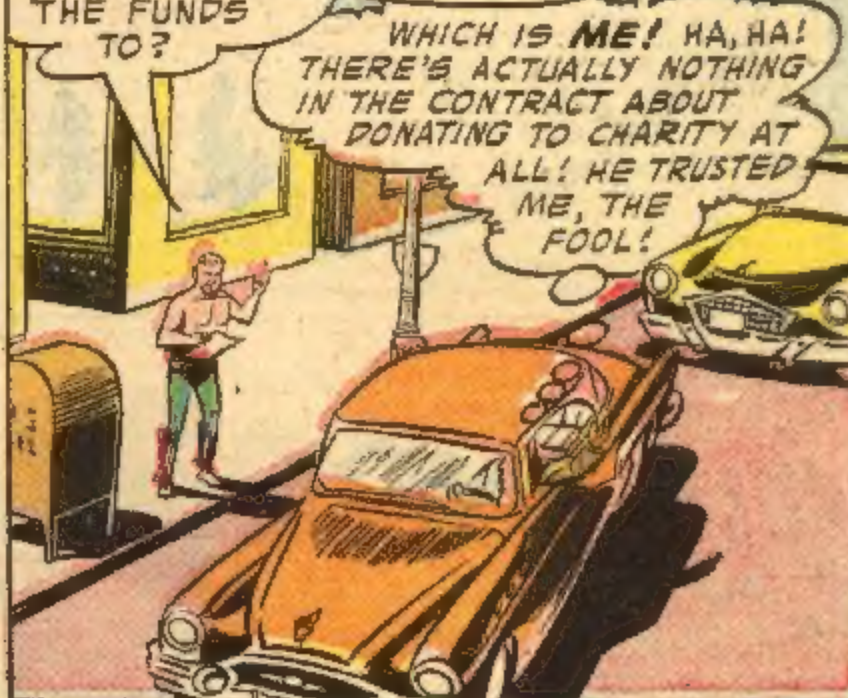
GOSH, THAT'S
GENEROUS OF
YOU, MR. PAYNE!
I'LL SIGN!



WHAT CHARITY
SHALL WE GIVE
THE FUNDS
TO?

TO MY... ER... FAVORITE
CHARITY...

WHICH IS ME! HA, HA!
THERE'S ACTUALLY NOTHING
IN THE CONTRACT ABOUT
DONATING TO CHARITY AT
ALL! HE TRUSTED
ME, THE
FOOL!

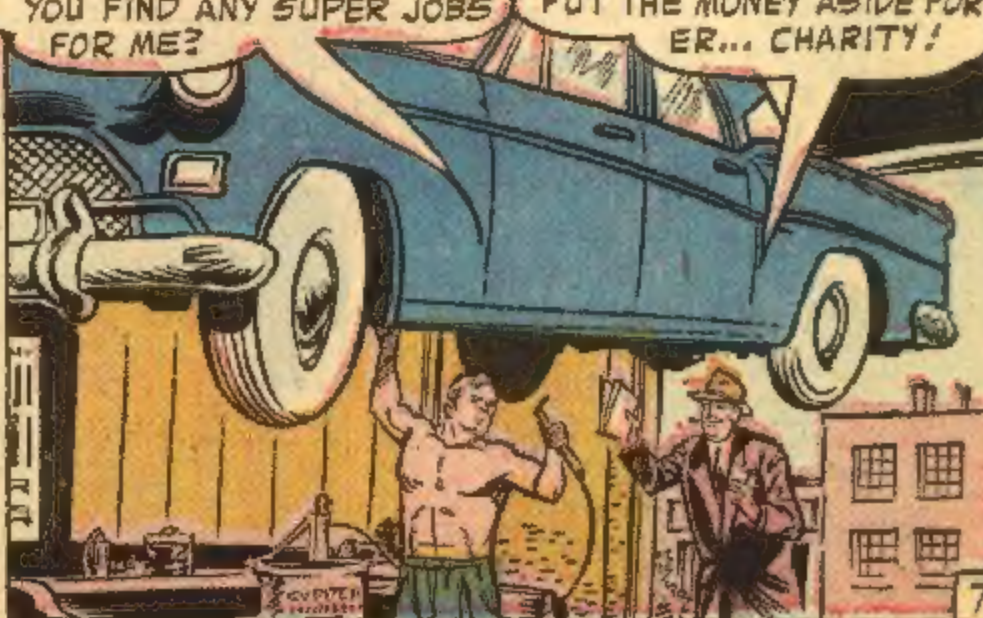


NOW TO ROUND UP SUPER JOBS AND
COLLECT FAT FEES... WHICH I CAN KEEP
FOR MYSELF! AND IT'S ALL LEGAL!
I'LL MAKE A YOUNG FORTUNE OFF
THAT SUPER IDIOT BEFORE HE GETS
WISE!

LATER, WHEN THE UNSCRUPULOUS PROMOTER MEETS
HIS DUPED VICTIM...

I WAS JUST FINISHING
UP MY GARAGE WORK! DID
YOU FIND ANY SUPER JOBS
FOR ME?

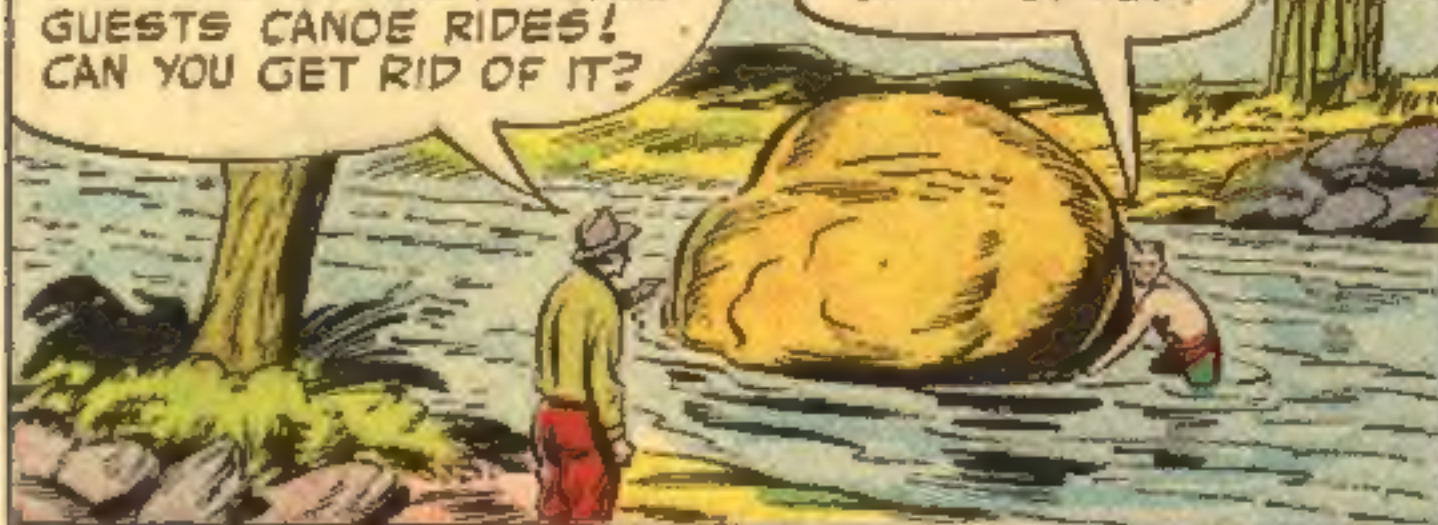
YES, HERE'S THE LIST,
JOE! I COLLECTED
FEES IN ADVANCE! I'LL
PUT THE MONEY ASIDE FOR
ER... CHARITY!



FOLLOWING THE LIST, THE **MAN OF STEEL** VISITS A CAMP AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, WHERE...

IF THAT BIG BOULDER DIDN'T BLOCK MY STREAM, I COULD OFFER MY CAMP GUESTS CANOE RIDES! CAN YOU GET RID OF IT?

SURE, IT ONLY WEIGHS A FEW HUNDRED TONS! UP IT COMES!

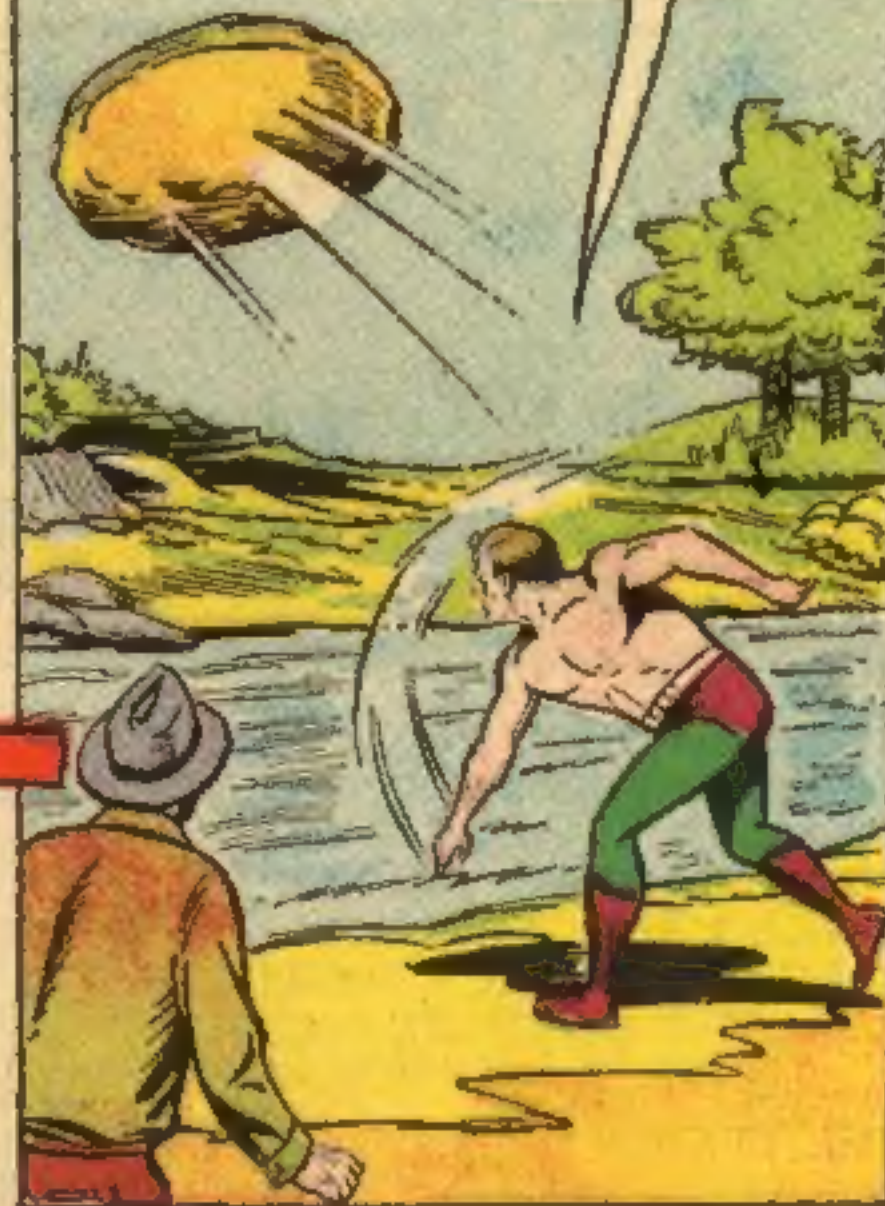


BUT THE NEW "SUPERMAN" IS UNAWARE OF WHAT HE HAS ACCIDENTALLY AIMED AT, OUT AT SEA!



GREAT SCOTT! THAT GIANT ROCK OUT OF NOWHERE WILL SMASH INTO OUR SHIP!

LET'S SEE... HOW WOULD **SUPERBOY** GET RID OF IT? I KNOW-- BY HURLING IT FAR OFF INTO THE OCEAN!



FORTUNATELY, AT SMALLVILLE, **SUPERBOY'S** TELESCOPIC VISION IS ON THE ALERT...

HELP!



OMIGOSH! GOT TO RUSH TO THE RESCUE AT SUPER SPEED!

BRIEF MOMENTS LATER...



SMASHING IT MIGHT SHOWER HARMFUL FRAGMENTS ON DECK! HOW ABOUT A FIELD GOAL TO THE MOON?

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CAMP, THERE IS MORE TROUBLE...

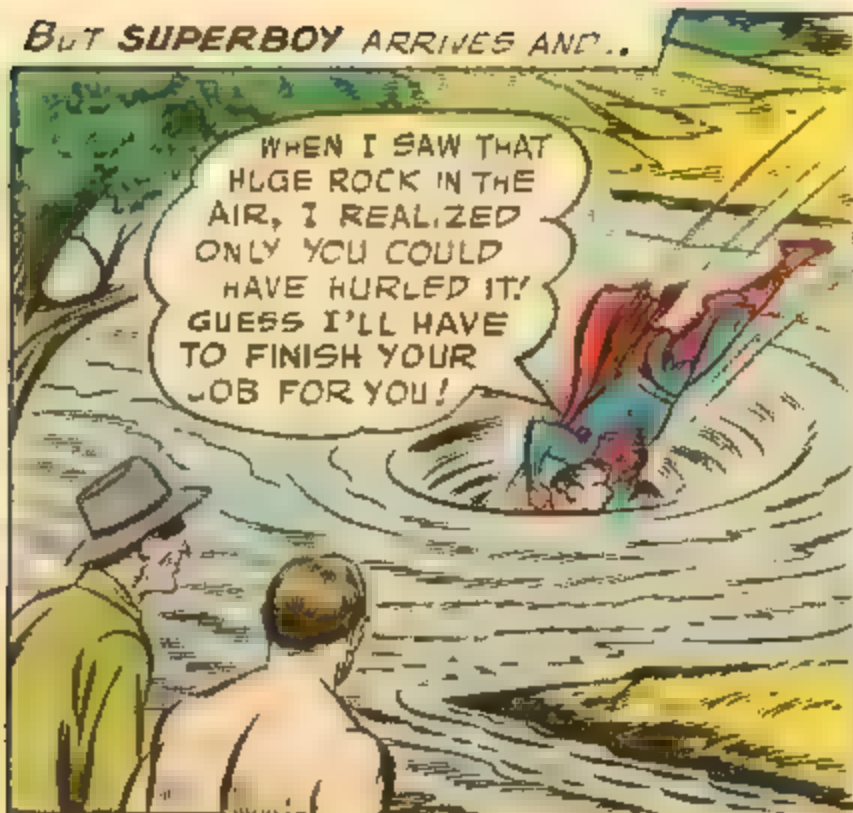
YOU DID A BAD JOB, JOE! THE BOULDER MUST HAVE RESTED OVER AN UNDERGROUND CAVERN! MY STREAM WILL DRAIN DOWN INTO IT AND RUN DRY!

HOW CAN I--I STOP THAT? (GULP!)



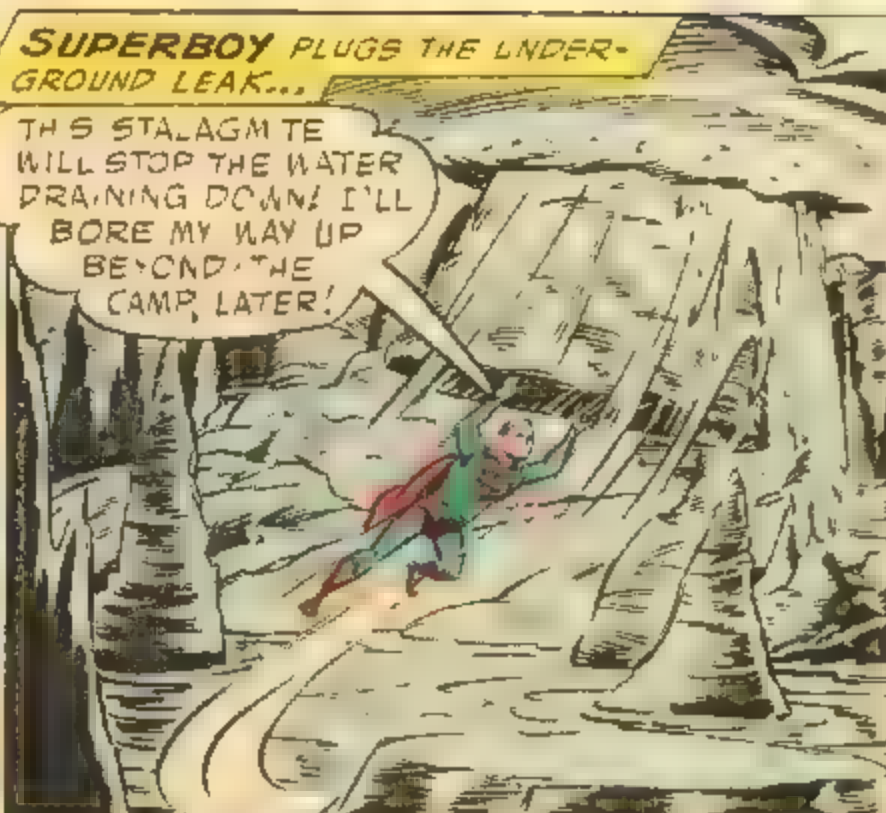
BUT SUPERBOY ARRIVES AND...

WHEN I SAW THAT
 HUGE ROCK IN THE
 AIR, I REALIZED
 ONLY YOU COULD
 HAVE HURLED IT!
 GUESS I'LL HAVE
 TO FINISH YOUR
 JOB FOR YOU!



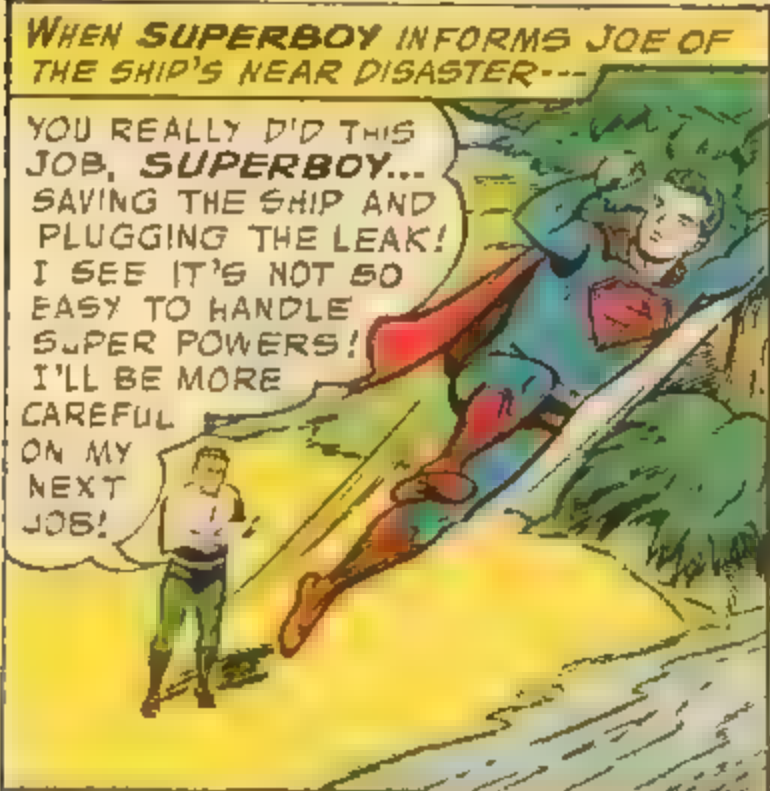
SUPERBOY PLUGS THE UNDER-GROUND LEAK...

THIS STALAGMITE
 WILL STOP THE WATER
 DRAINING DOWN! I'LL
 BORE MY WAY UP
 BEYOND THE
 CAMP, LATER!



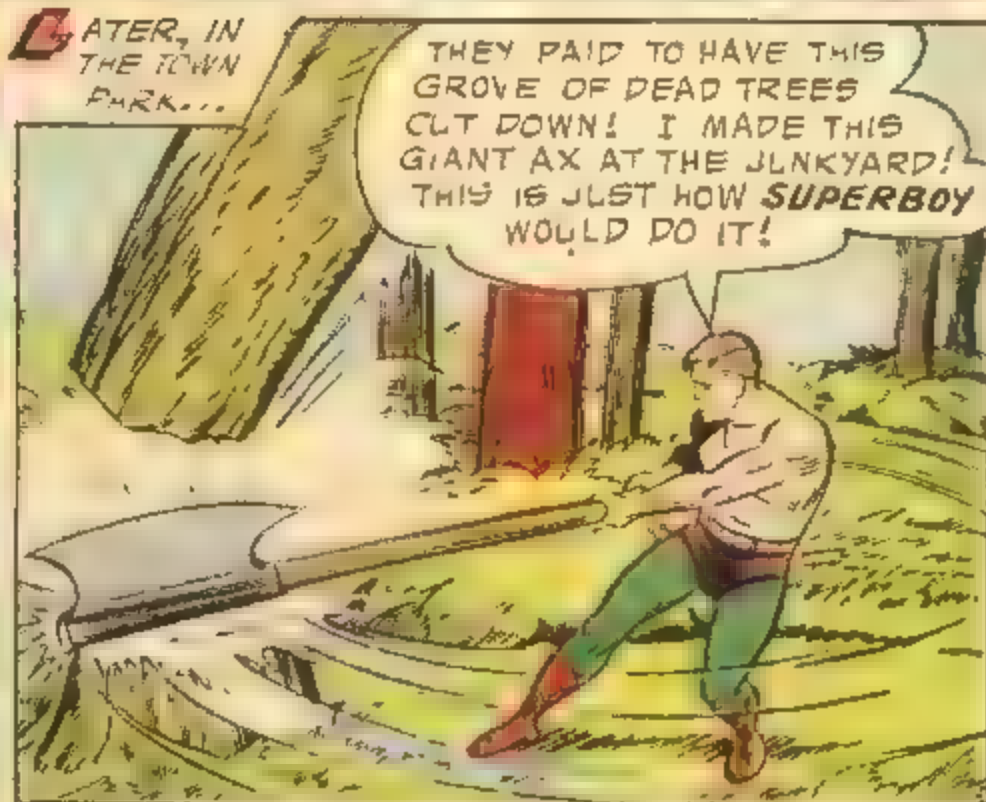
WHEN SUPERBOY INFORMS JOE OF THE SHIP'S NEAR DISASTER---

YOU REALLY DID THIS
 JOB, **SUPERBOY**...
 SAVING THE SHIP AND
 PLUGGING THE LEAK!
 I SEE IT'S NOT SO
 EASY TO HANDLE
 SUPER POWERS!
 I'LL BE MORE
 CAREFUL
 ON MY
 NEXT
 JOB!



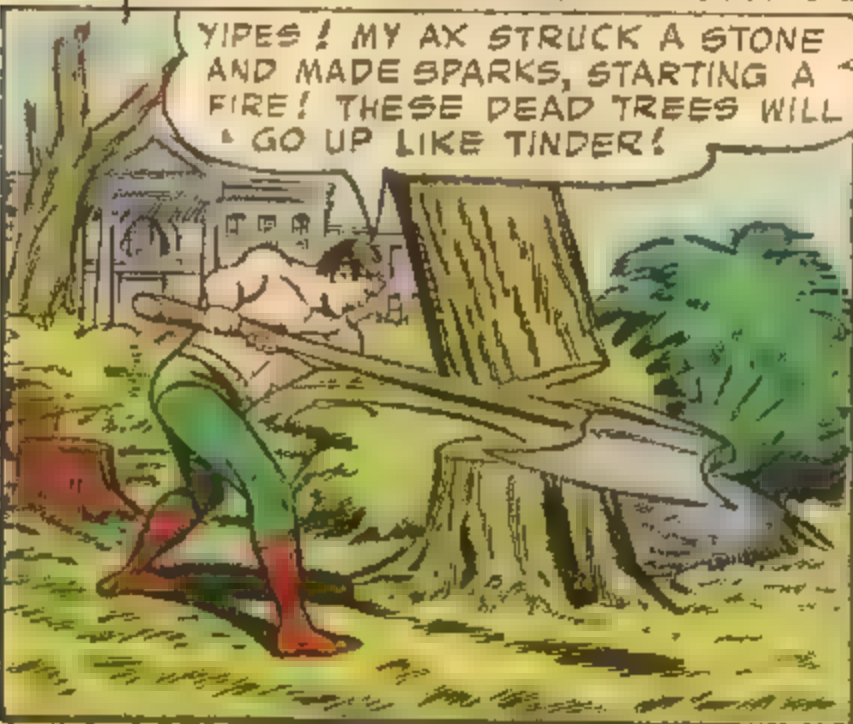
LATER, IN THE TOWN PARK...

THEY PAID TO HAVE THIS
 GROVE OF DEAD TREES
 CUT DOWN! I MADE THIS
 GIANT AX AT THE JUNKYARD!
 THIS IS JUST HOW **SUPERBOY**
 WOULD DO IT!



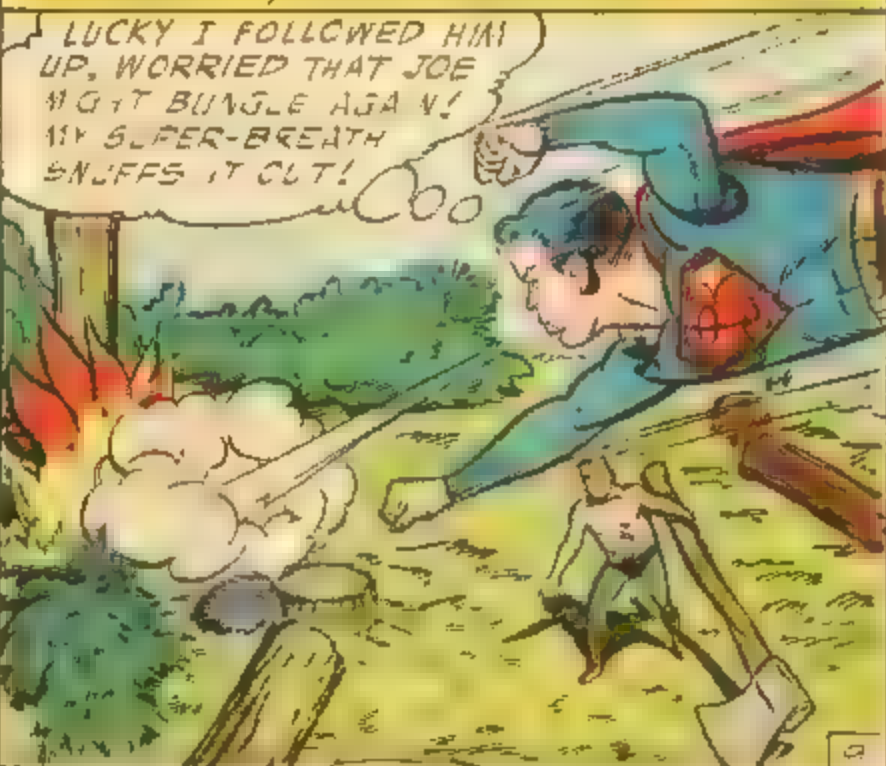
BUT UNLIKE THE BOY OF STEEL, THE MAN OF STEEL MAKES ANOTHER SUPER ERROR...

YIPES! MY AX STRUCK A STONE
 AND MADE SPARKS, STARTING A
 FIRE! THESE DEAD TREES WILL
 GO UP LIKE TINDER!



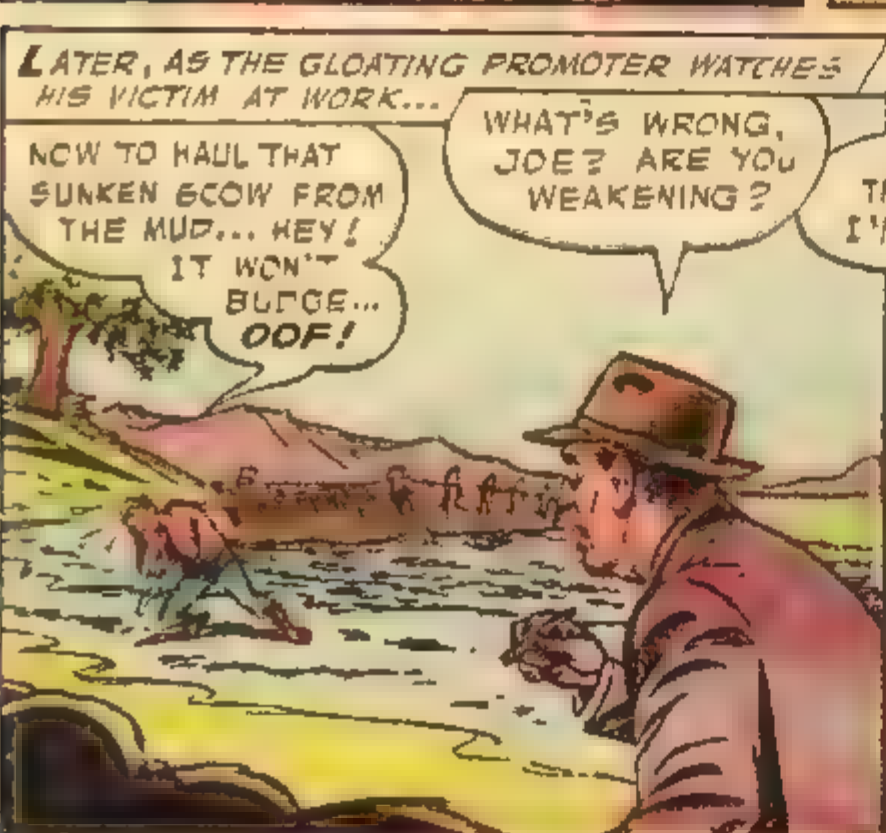
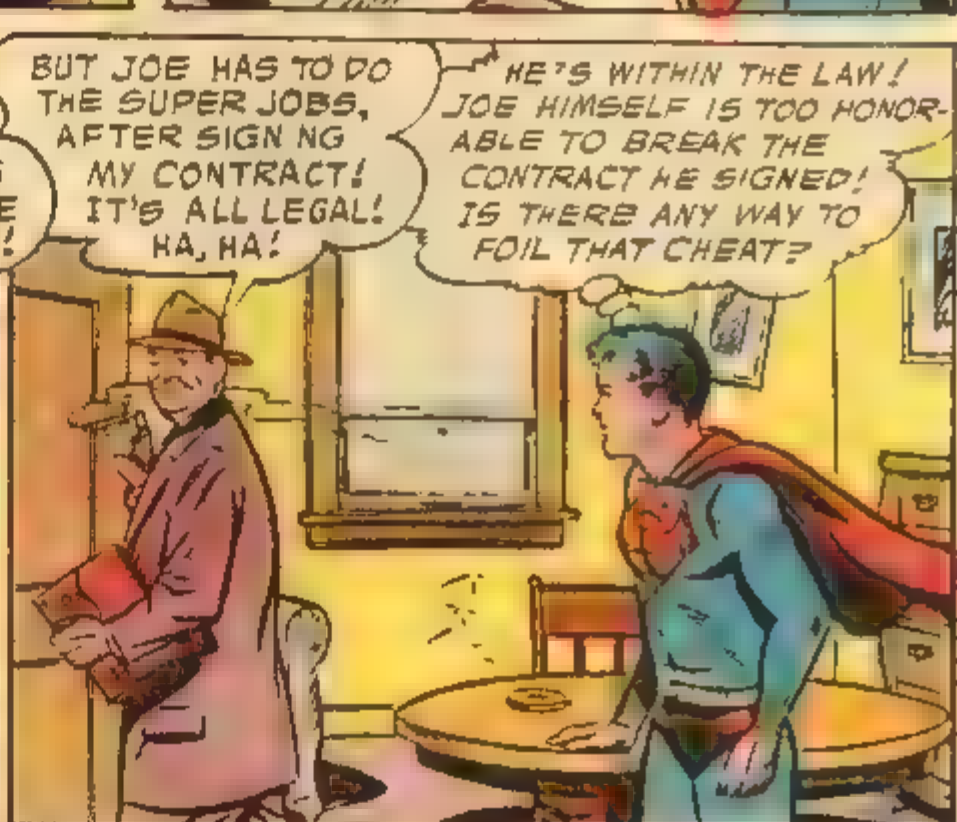
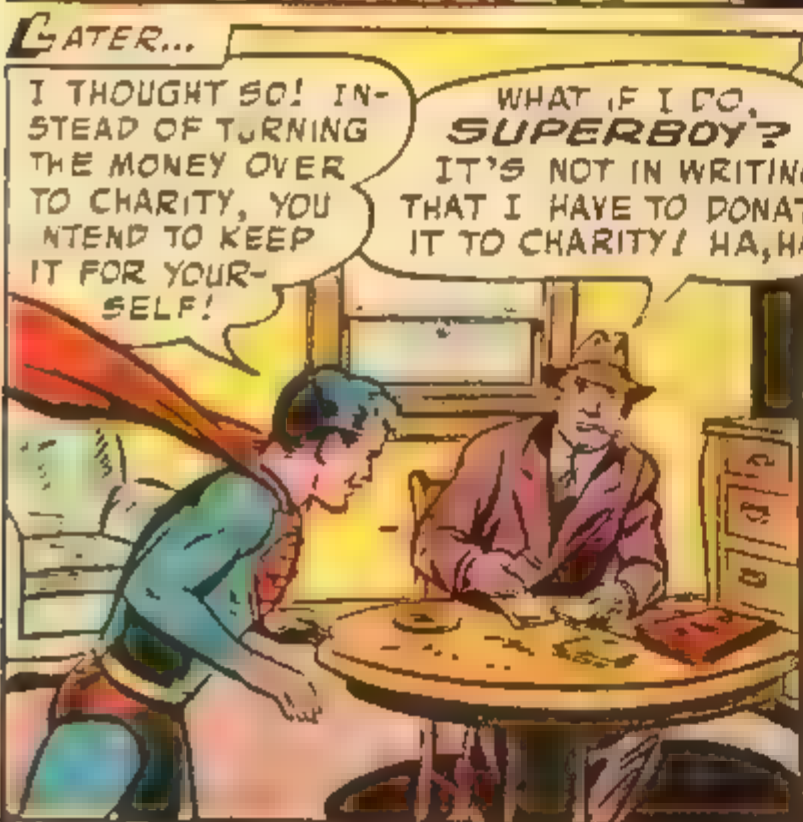
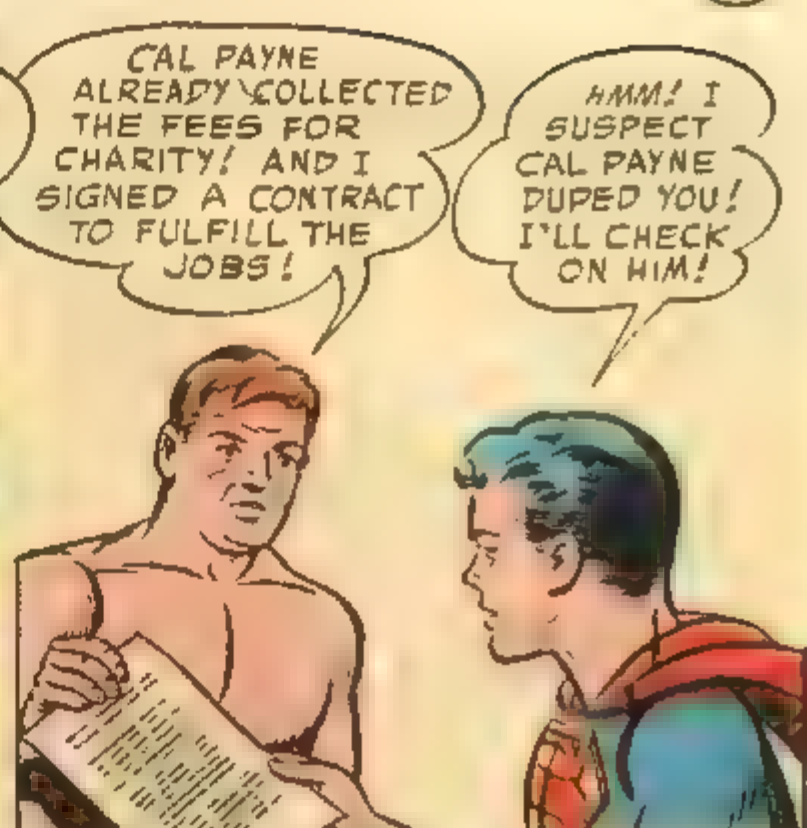
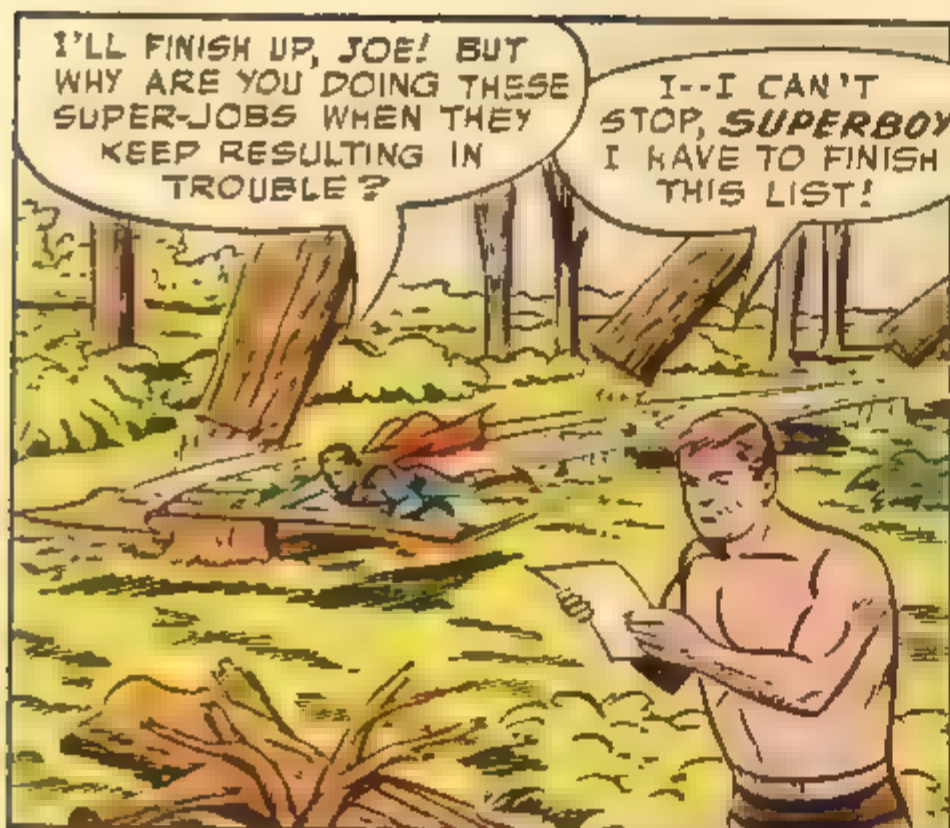
FORTUNATELY, SUPERBOY AGAIN APPEARS

LUCKY I FOLLOWED HIM
 UP, WORRIED THAT JOE
 MIGHT BUNGLE AGAIN!
 MY SUPER-BREATH
 SNUFFS IT OUT!





ADVENTURE COMICS





ADVENTURE COMICS



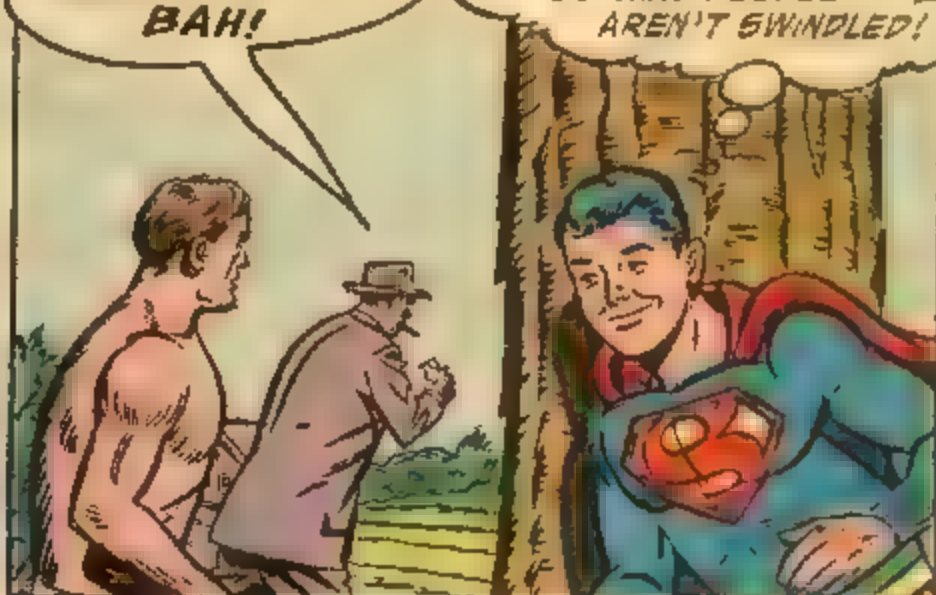
BUT AGAIN, SUPER MUSCLES FAIL TO WORK!

GOSH, I CAN ONLY JUMP AS HIGH AS AN ORDINARY MAN!

OH, NO! YOU LOST YOUR POWERS! YOU WERE ONLY A **TEMPORARY MAN OF STEEL!**

WHAT ROTTEN LUCK! I CAN'T COLLECT FEES ANYMORE FOR YOUR SUPER FEATS! THIS CONTRACT IS NO GOOD TO ME NOW... **BAH!**

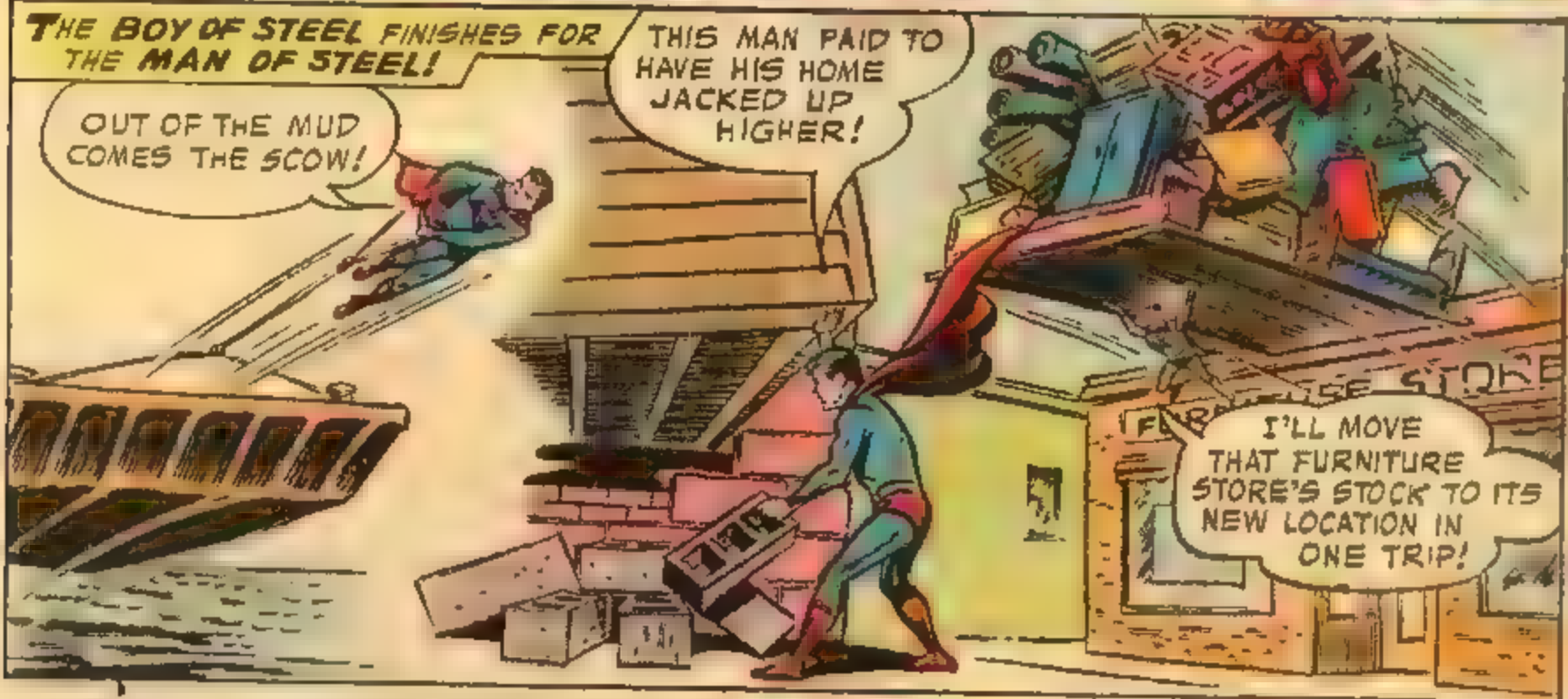
MY PLAN WORKED! JOE IS FREE OF CAL PAYNE'S CLUTCHES! BUT I STILL HAVE TO DO THE OTHER PAID JOBS ON THAT LIST, SO THAT PEOPLE AREN'T SWINDLED!



THE BOY OF STEEL FINISHES FOR THE MAN OF STEEL!

OUT OF THE MUD COMES THE SCOW!

THIS MAN PAID TO HAVE HIS HOME JACKED UP HIGHER!



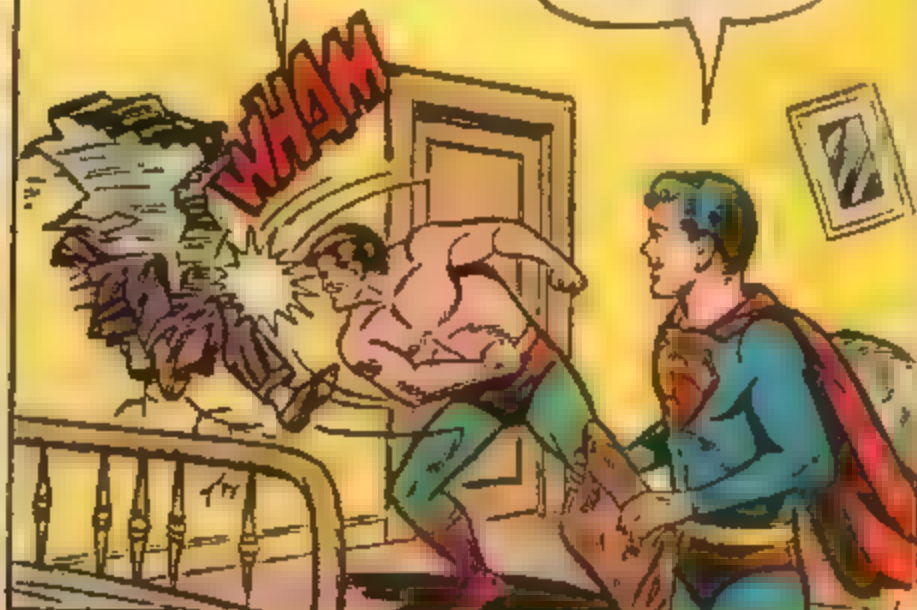
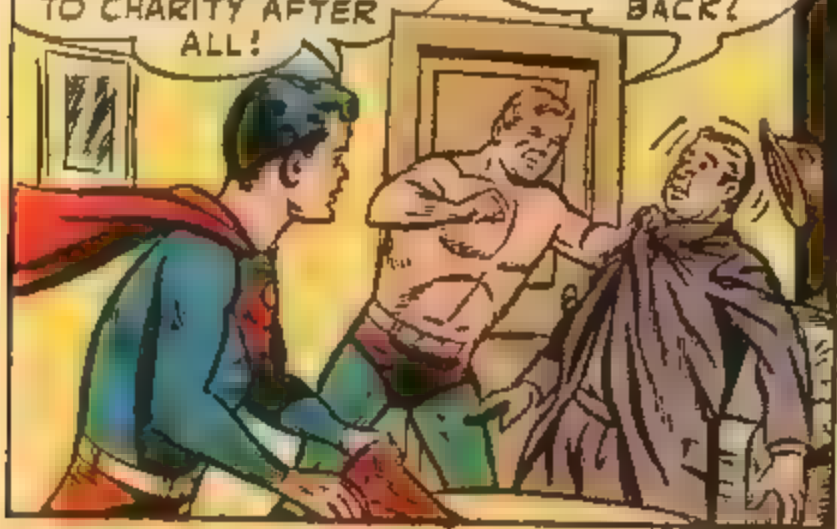
LATER, CAL PAYNE RECEIVES THE CROWNING BLOW TO HIS SCHEME...

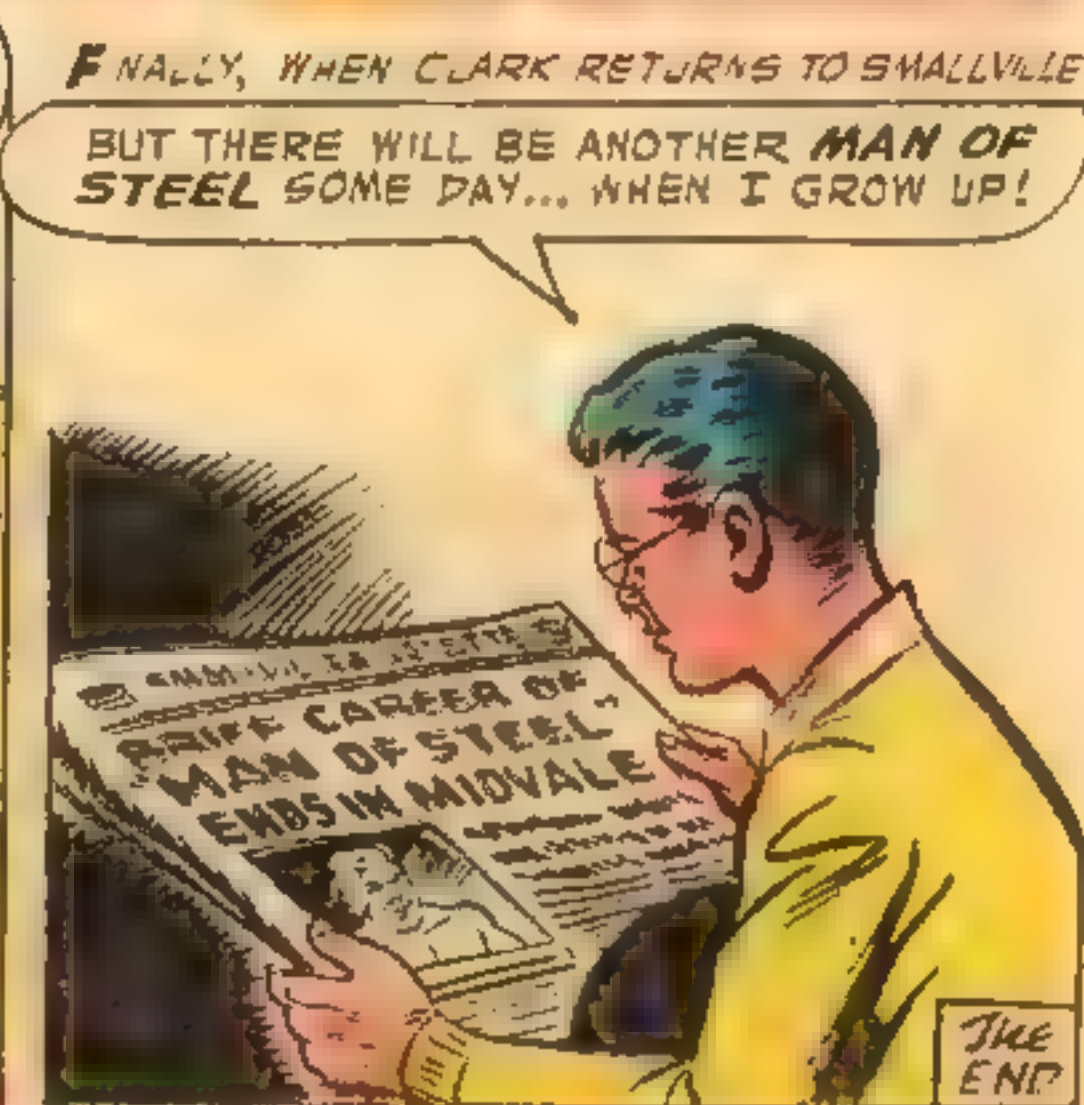
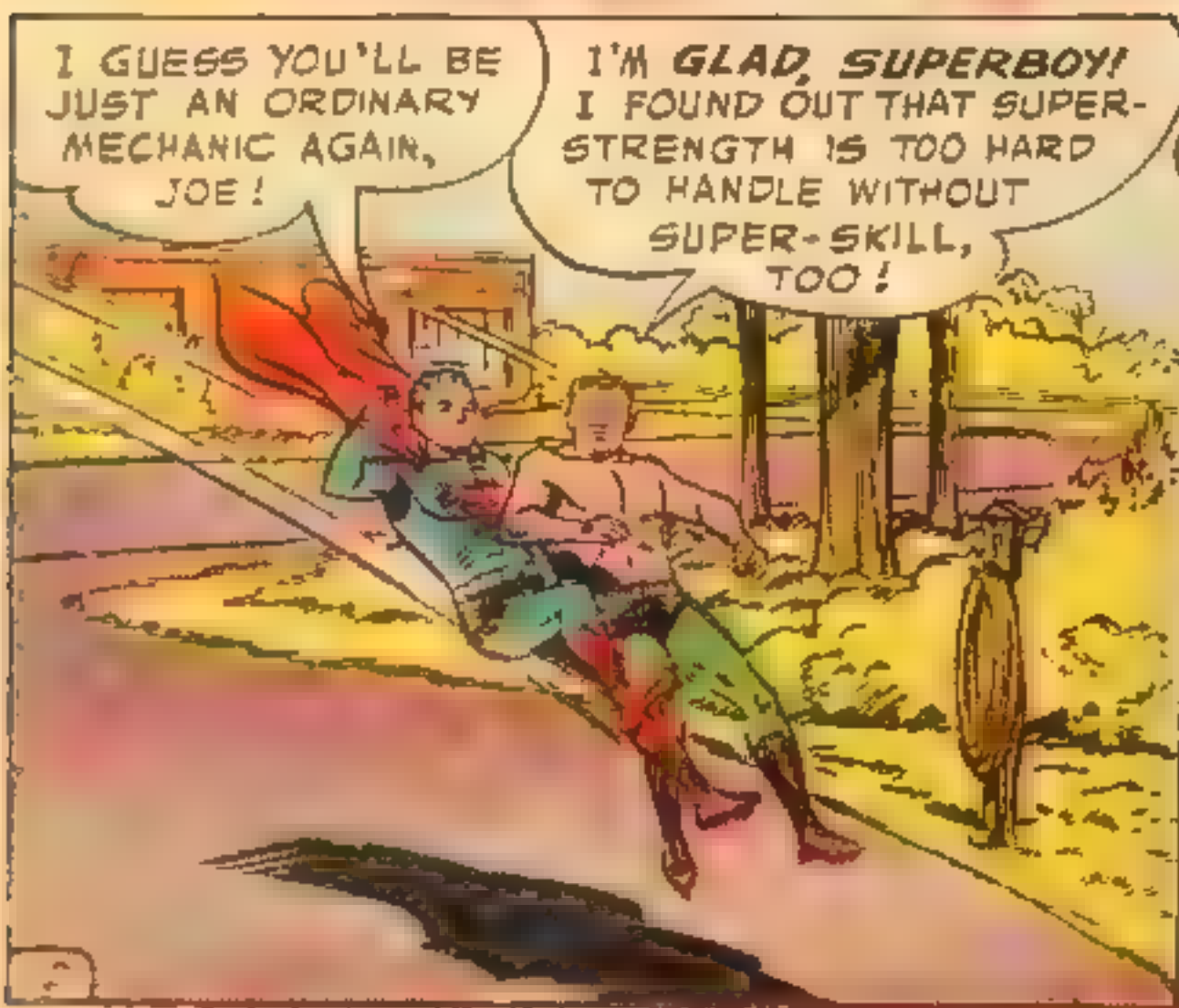
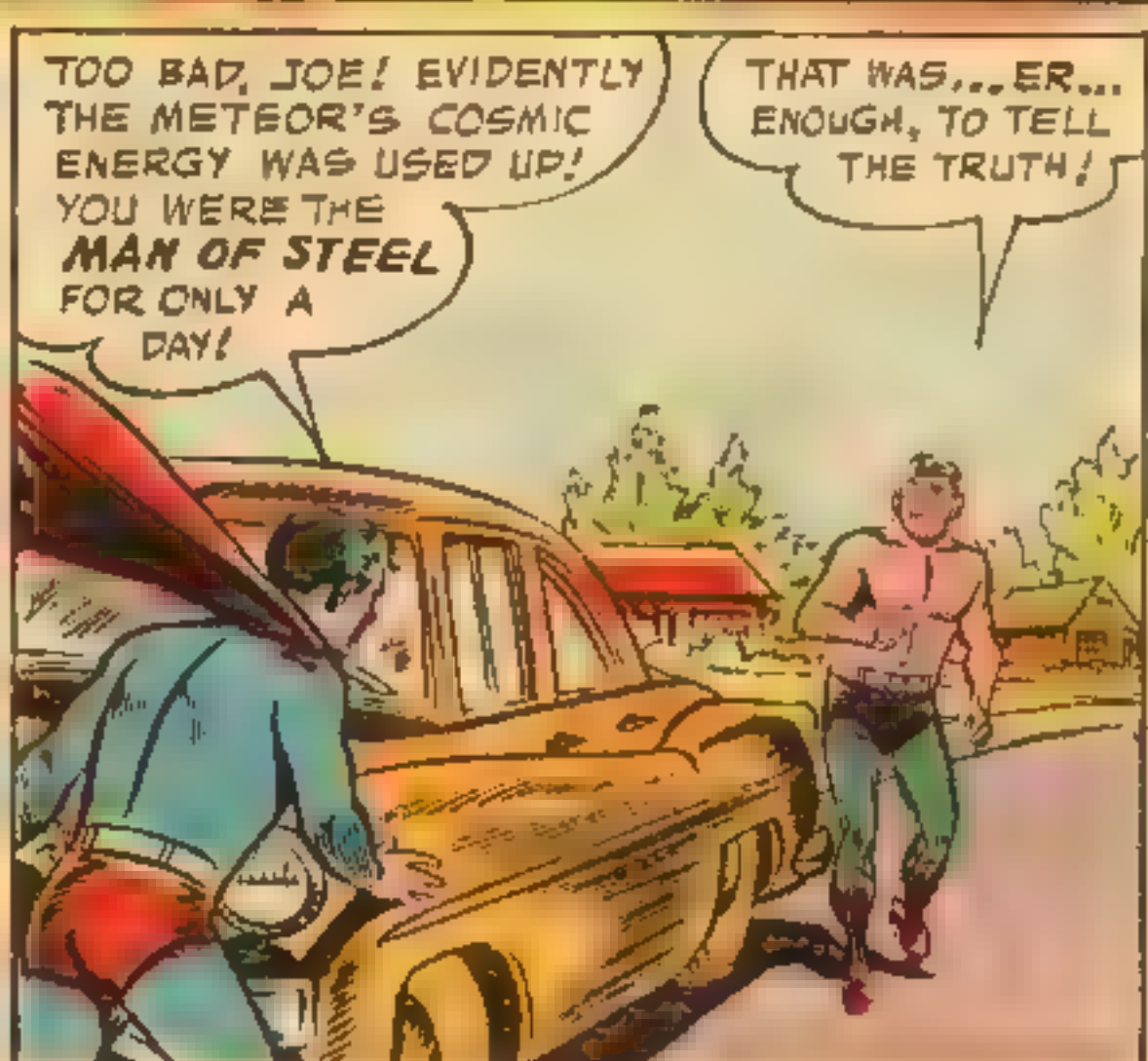
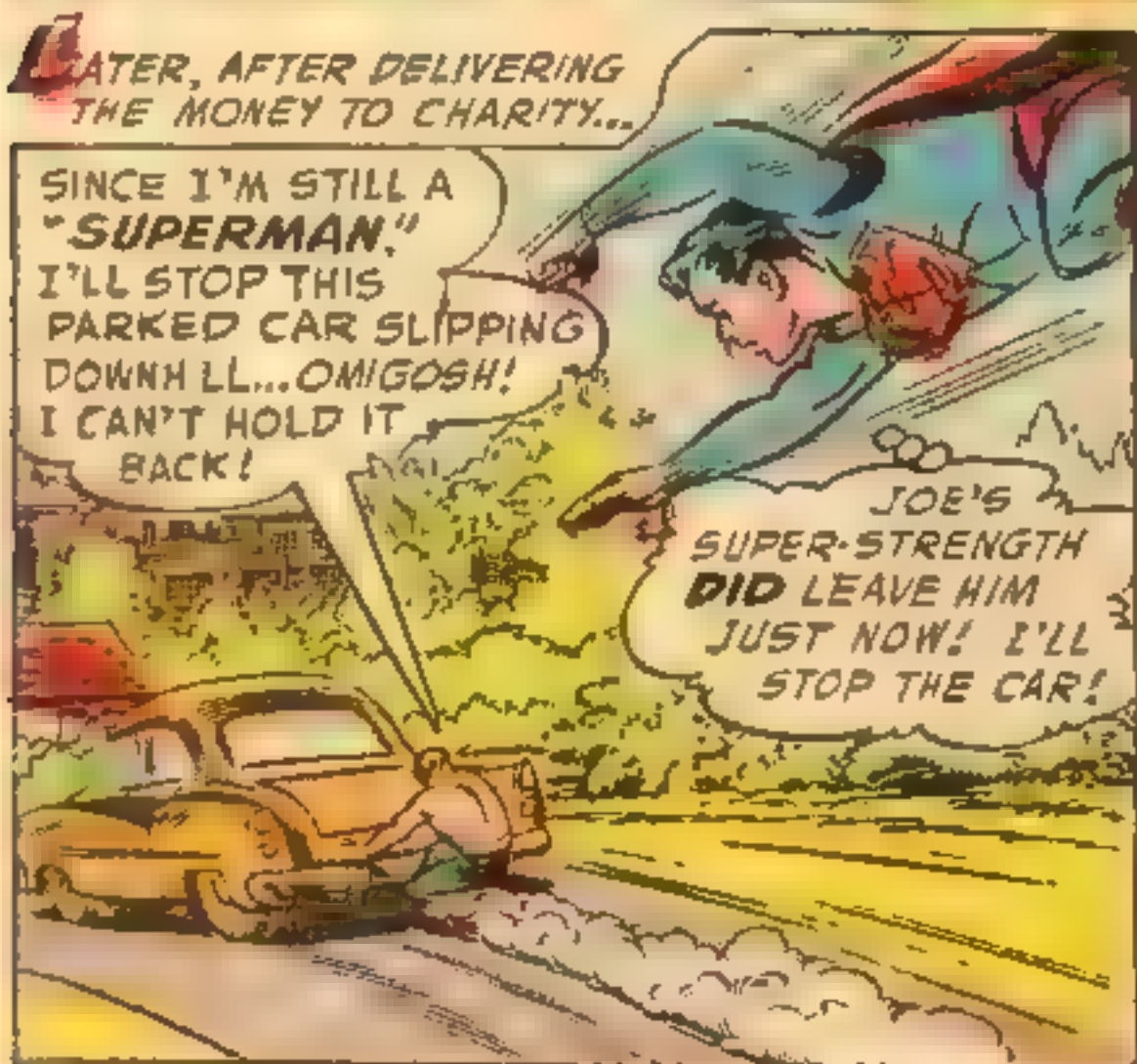
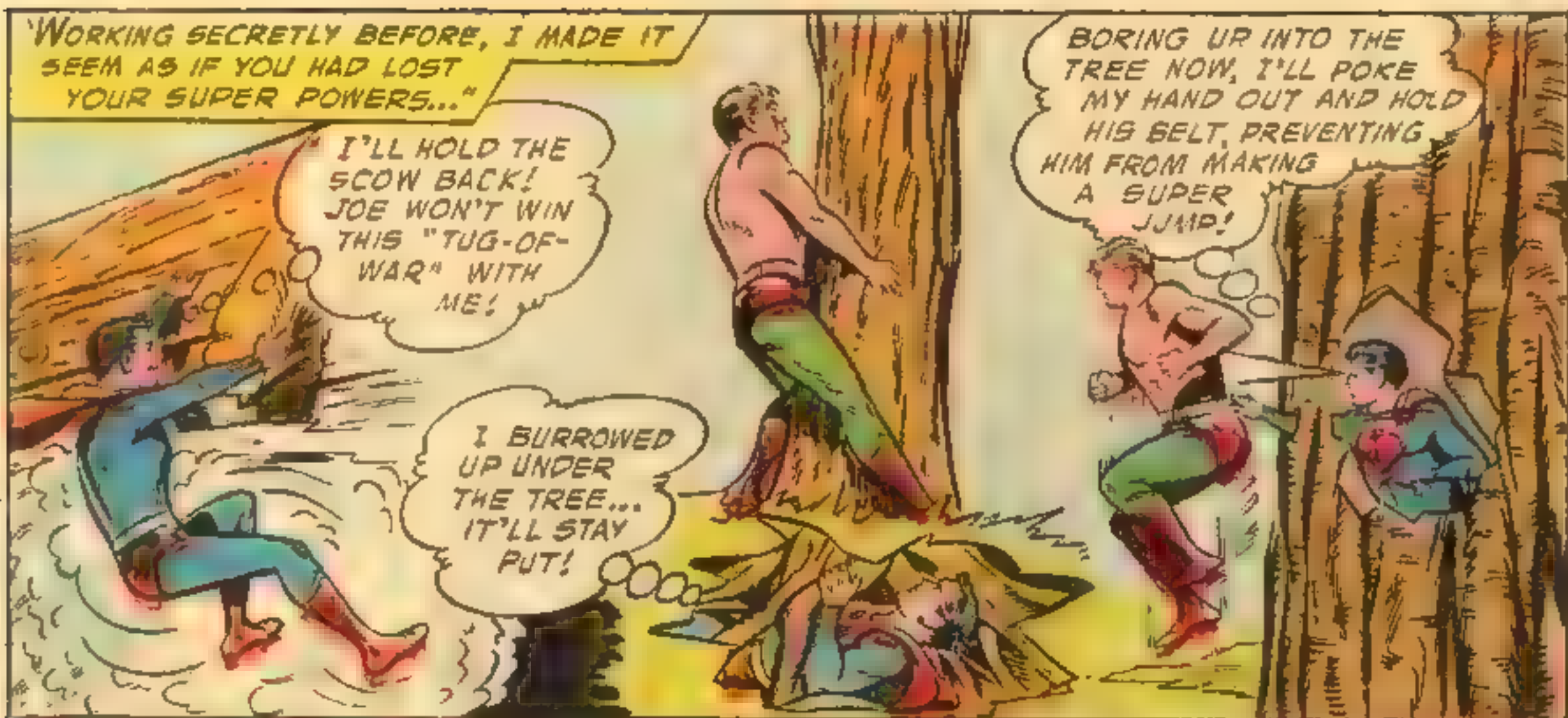
JOE WILL TESTIFY THAT BY CORRECTING HIS ERRORS, I REALLY DID **ALL** HIS JOBS! I EARNED THE MONEY, WHICH GOES TO CHARITY AFTER **ALL!**

YOU TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ME, CAL PAYNE! I JUST WISH MY SUPER STRENGTH WAS BACK!

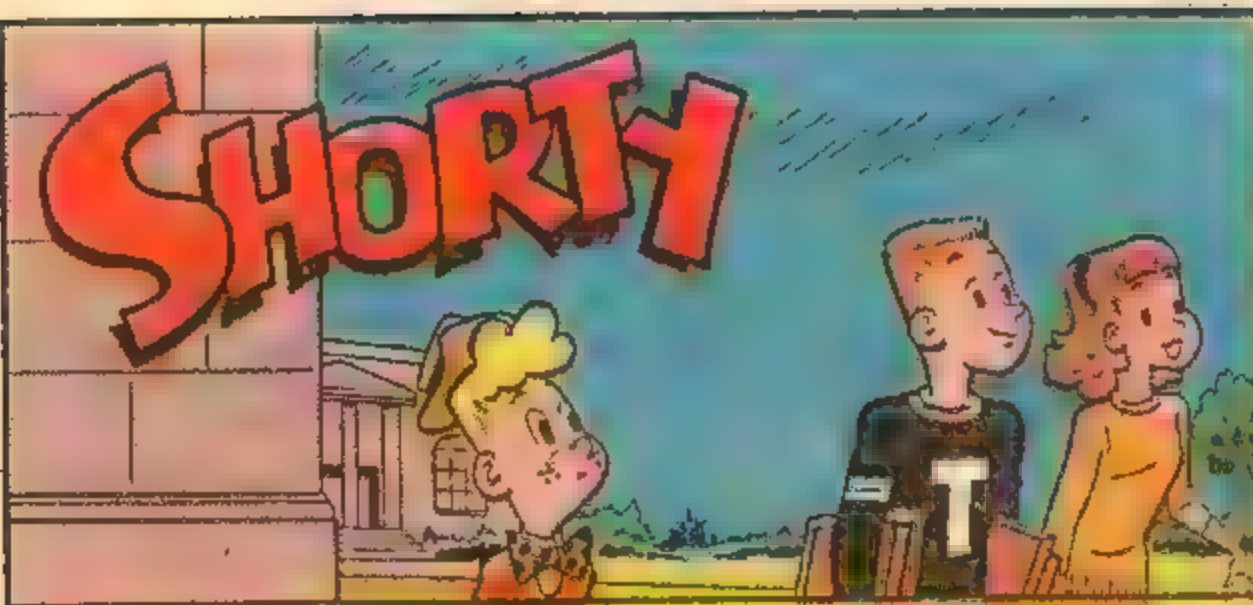
HOLY COW! MY SUPER STRENGTH IS BACK!

YOU NEVER REALLY LOST IT, JOE! I ONLY **TRICKED** CAL PAYNE INTO TEARING UP YOUR CONTRACT BEFORE!

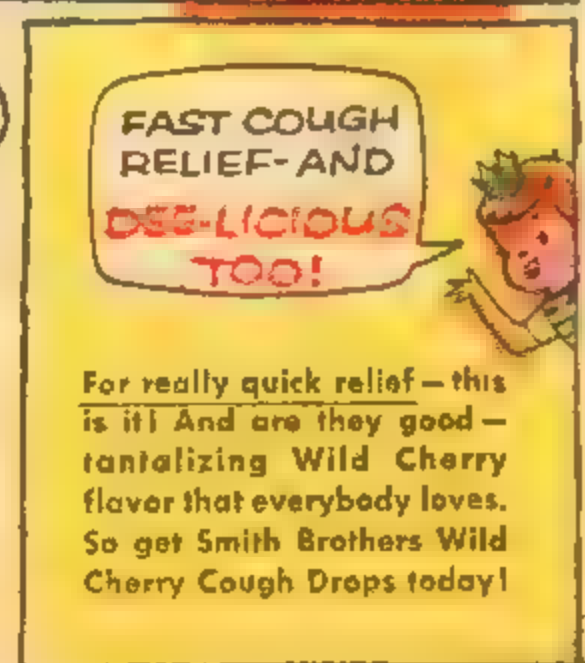
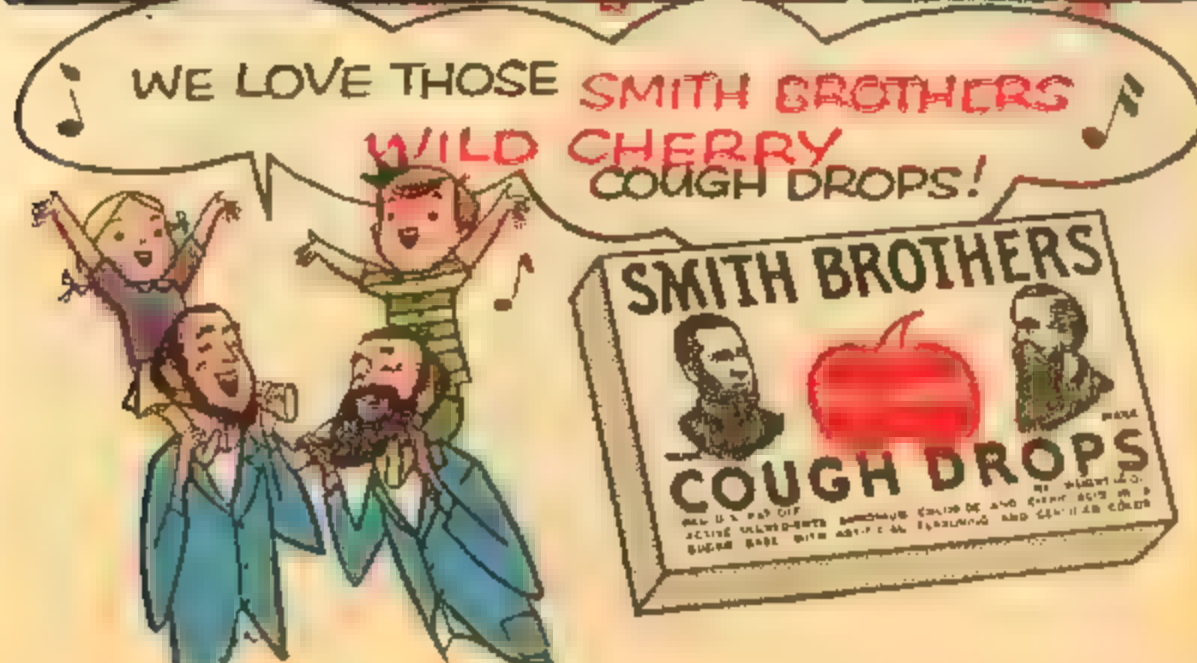




SHORTY



ADVERTISEMENT



WINTER SPORTS

Champions of the World

STARTED BY THE ANCIENT GREEKS, THE OLYMPIC GAMES STAND FOR INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP THROUGH FINE SPORTSMANSHIP. ATHLETES OF 32 NATIONS GATHERED IN CORTINA, ITALY FOR THE FIRST PART OF THE 1956 OLYMPICS--THE WINTER SPORTS.

AUSTRIA'S ANTON SAILER WON THREE EVENTS--MEN'S SLALOM, MEN'S GIANT SLALOM AND MEN'S DOWNHILL.

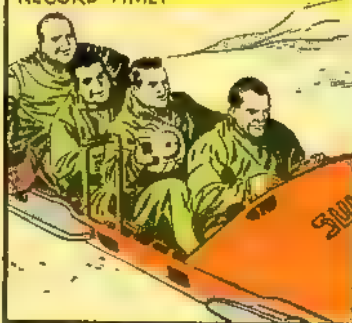
WINNER OF THE LADIES' SLALOM--RENEE COLLIARD OF FRANCE.

WINNING SPEED SKATER BORIS SHILKOV, USSR, WHO DID 5,000 METERS (3.11 MILES) IN 7 MINUTES, 48.7 SECONDS.

OFFICIAL OPENING COMES AS GUIDO CAROLI, ITALIAN SPEED SKATING CHAMPION, PLACES THE OLYMPIC FLAME IN THE TRIPOD.



SWISS 4-MEN BOB-SLED TEAM THRILLED SPECTATORS AS THEY SPED DOWN THE 16-CURVE, 1700 METER (1.05 MILES), COURSE IN RECORD TIME.



U.S.A. STUDENTS WHO CARRIED OFF HONORS IN FIGURE SKATING: HAYES ALAN JENKINS, COLORADO COLLEGE,



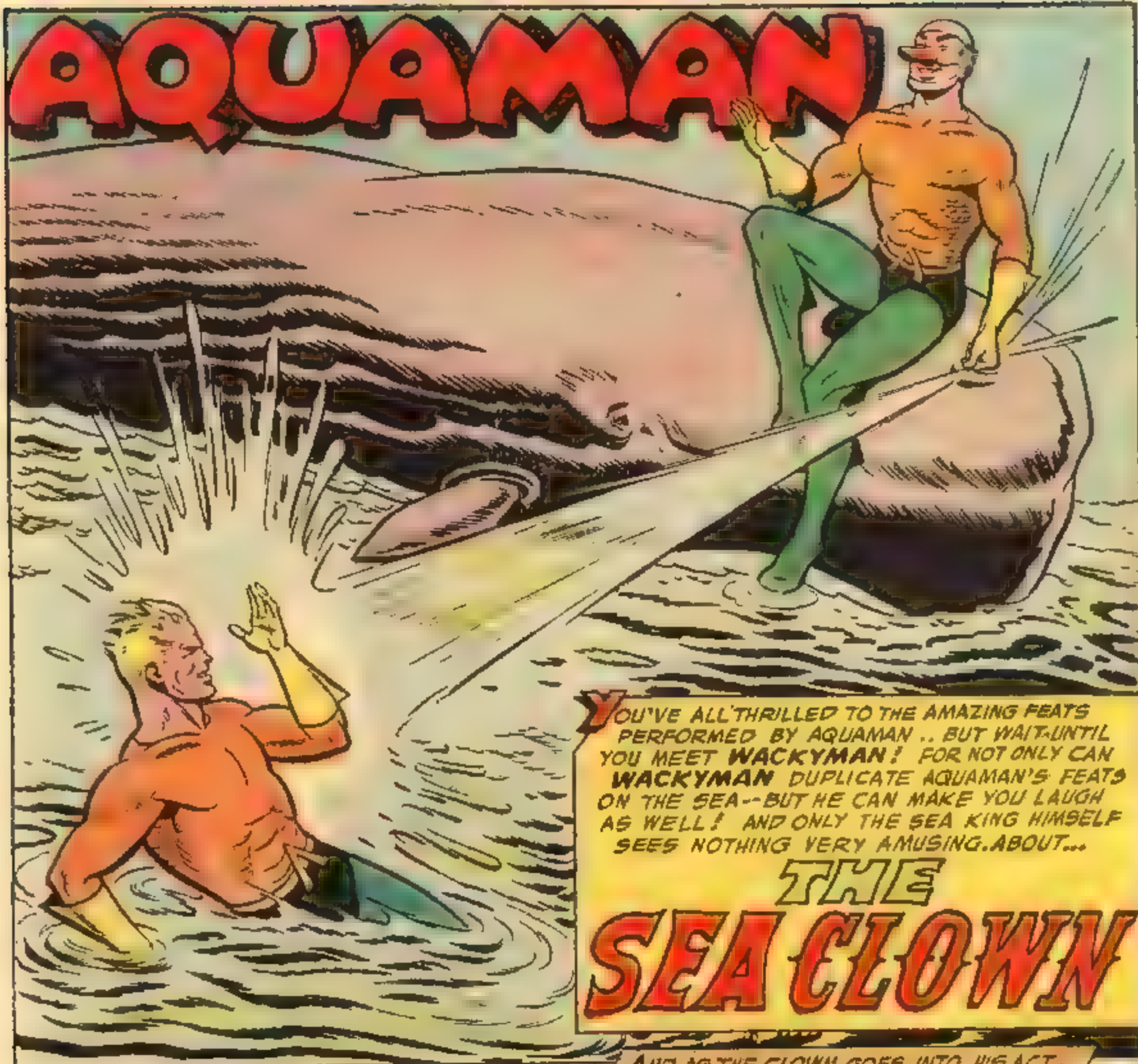
AND TENLEY EMMA ALBRIGHT, RADCLIFFE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



ANTTI HYVARINEN, FINLAND, WAS JUDGED BEST JUMPER, AMONG 51 CONTESTANTS.



OVER EVERY OLYMPIC CONTEST FLIES THE FLAG BEARING THIS SYMBOL OF THE SPORTING FRIENDSHIP OF ALL MANKIND. RINGS STAND FOR FIVE CONTINENTS. AT LEAST ONE OF THE COLORS--BLUE, YELLOW, BLACK, GREEN, RED--APPEARS IN EVERY NATION'S FLAG. IN 1960 THE FLAG WILL FLY AT SQUAW VALLEY, CALIF. WHEN THE U.S. WILL PLAY HOST TO THE GAMES.



YOU'VE ALL THRILLED TO THE AMAZING FEATS PERFORMED BY AQUAMAN .. BUT WAIT-UNTIL YOU MEET **WACKYMAN**! FOR NOT ONLY CAN **WACKYMAN** DUPLICATE AQUAMAN'S FEATS ON THE SEA--BUT HE CAN MAKE YOU LAUGH AS WELL! AND ONLY THE SEA KING HIMSELF SEES NOTHING VERY AMUSING ABOUT...

THE SEA CLOWN

AND AS THE CLOWN GOES INTO HIS ACT...

ONE DAY, AS THE FAMED AQUAMAN PAYS A VISIT TO A GALA **SEA FAIR**....

AND HERE HE IS, FOLKS--THE ONE AND ONLY **WACKYMAN**!

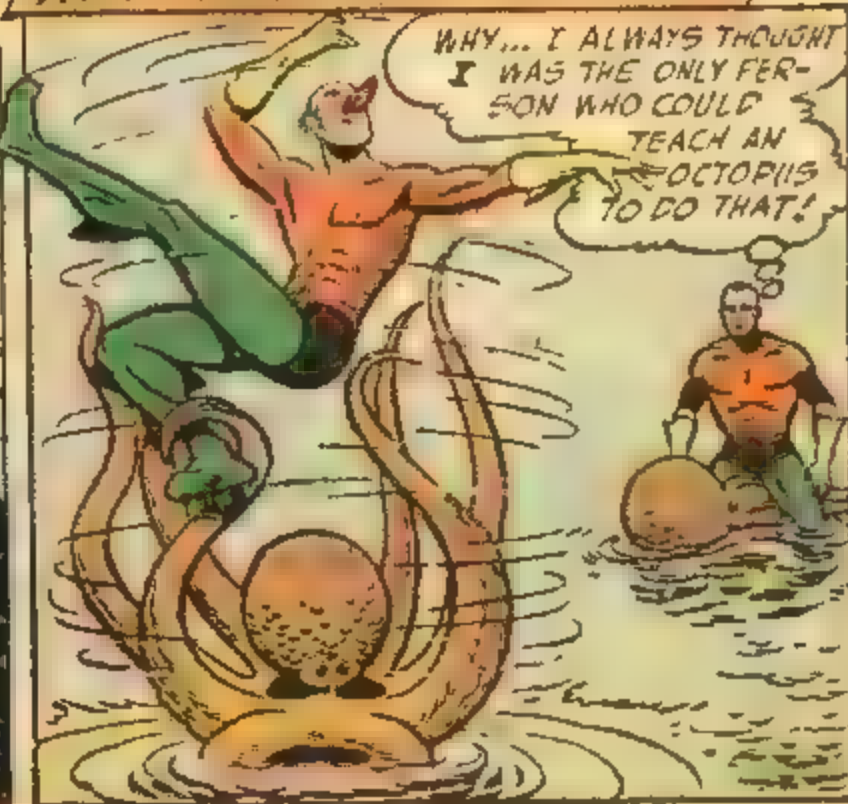
THE ONE AND ONLY **WHO??**

HA, HA... HE LOOKS JUST LIKE AQUAMAN!

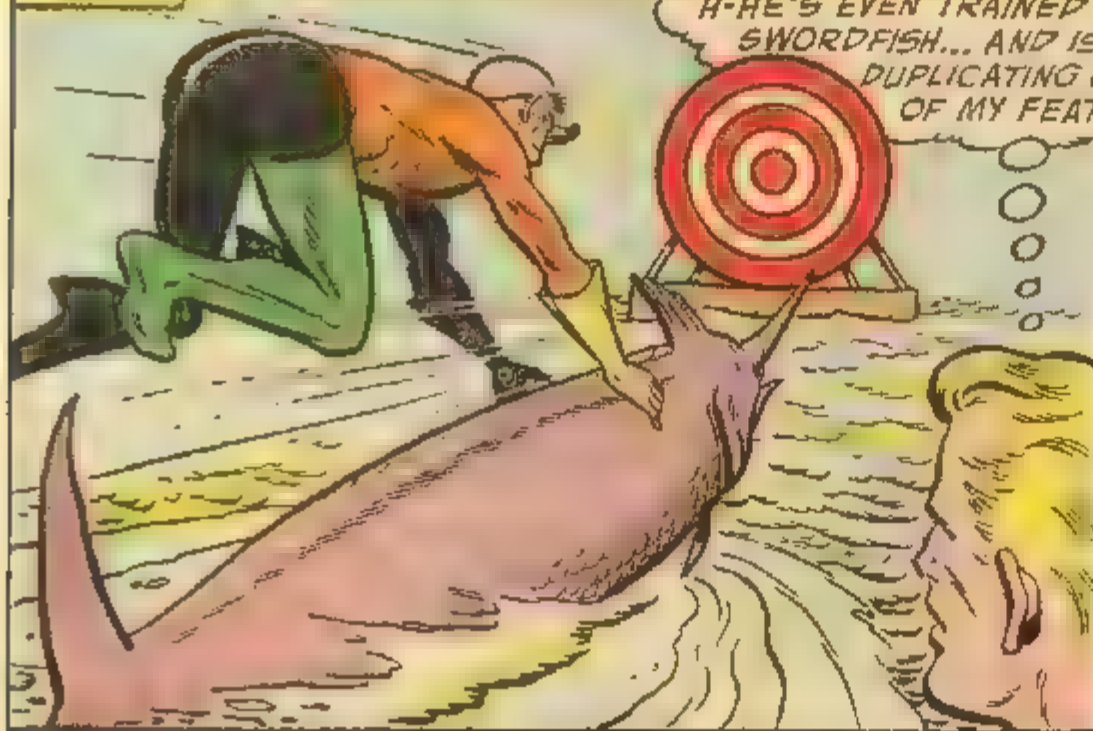
SEAMEN'S FAIR



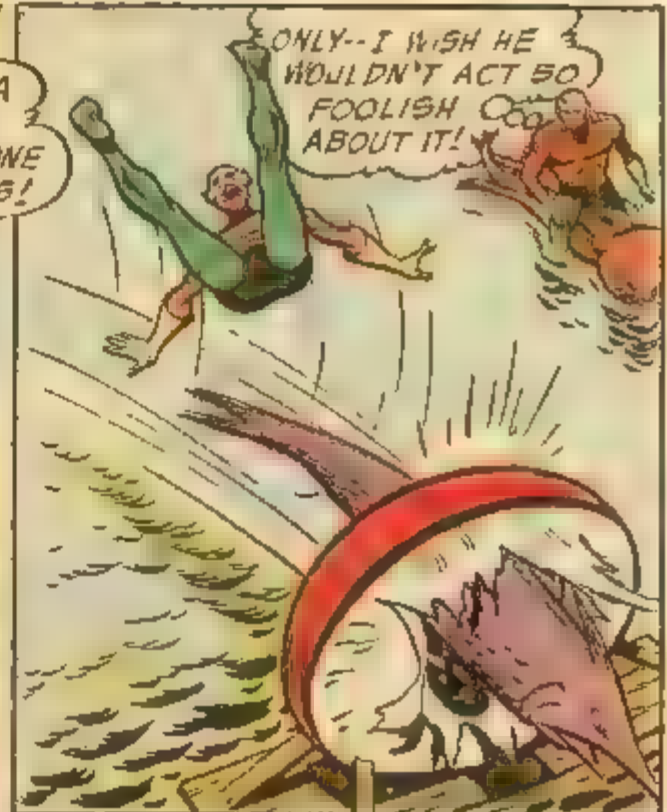
WHY... I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD TEACH AN OCTOPUS TO DO THAT!



BUT STILL MORE SURPRISES ARE IN STORE FOR THE SEA KING, WHEN...

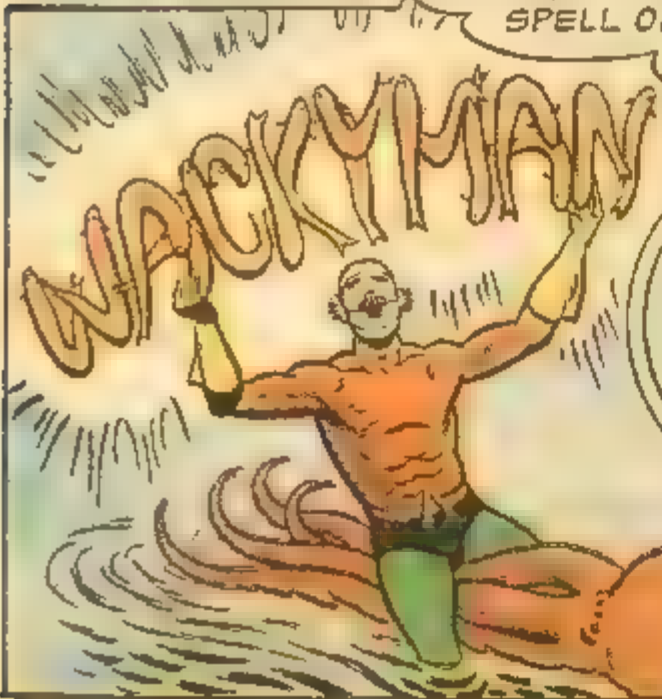


H-HE'S EVEN TRAINED A SWORDFISH... AND IS DUPLICATING ONE OF MY FEATS!

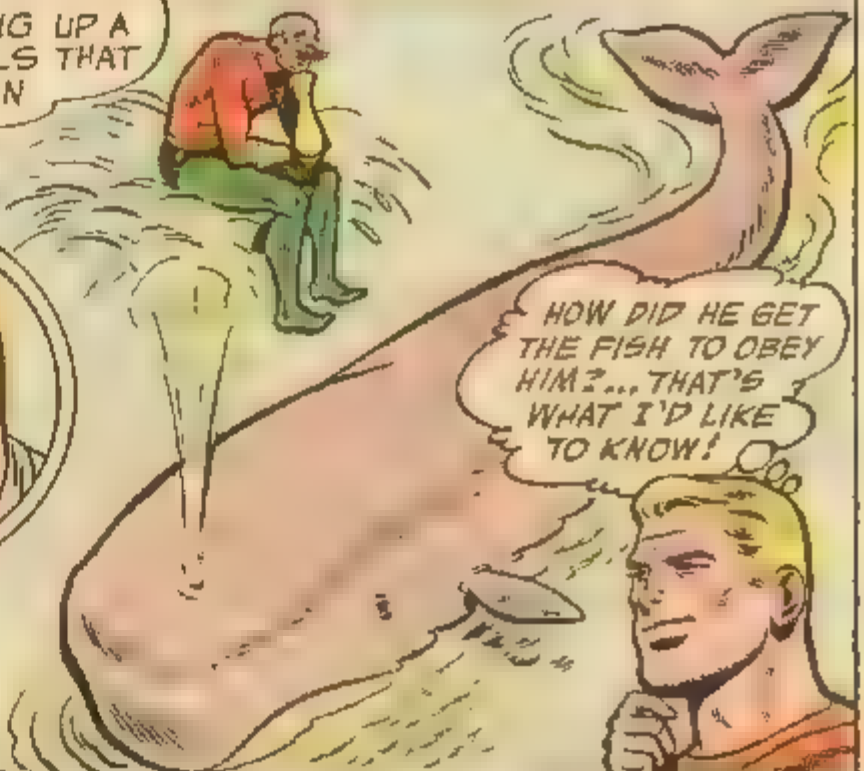
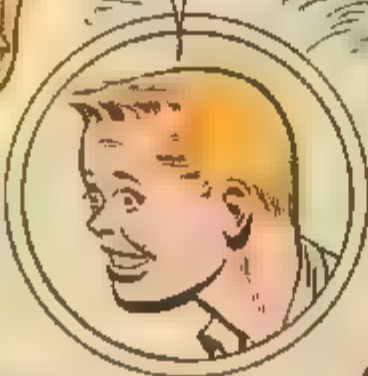


ONLY--I WISH HE WOULDN'T ACT SO FOOLISH ABOUT IT!

AND AS THE HILARIOUS SHOW CONTINUES...

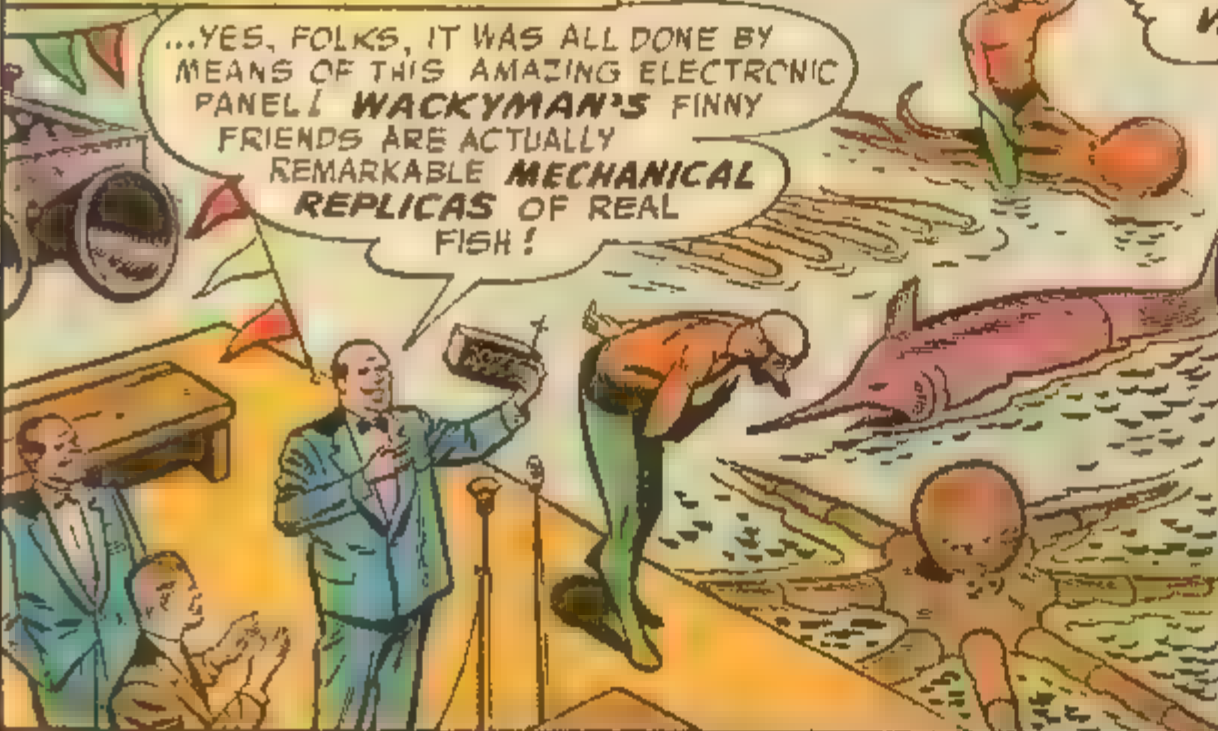


LOOK, DAD-- HE'S HOLDING UP A STRING OF ELECTRIC EELS THAT SPELL OUT HIS NAME IN LIGHTS!



HOW DID HE GET THE FISH TO OBEY HIM?... THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!

IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE AQUAMAN GETS THE STARTLING ANSWER...



...YES, FOLKS, IT WAS ALL DONE BY MEANS OF THIS AMAZING ELECTRONIC PANNEL! **WACKYMAN'S** FINNY FRIENDS ARE ACTUALLY REMARKABLE **MECHANICAL REPLICAS** OF REAL FISH!

AMAZING!

I MUST GO BACKSTAGE, LATER, AND COMFLIMENT THAT **WACKYMAN** ON HIS CLEVER ACT!



BUT AQUAMAN ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO DECIDES TO PAY HIS CLOWNING IMPERSONATOR A VISIT...

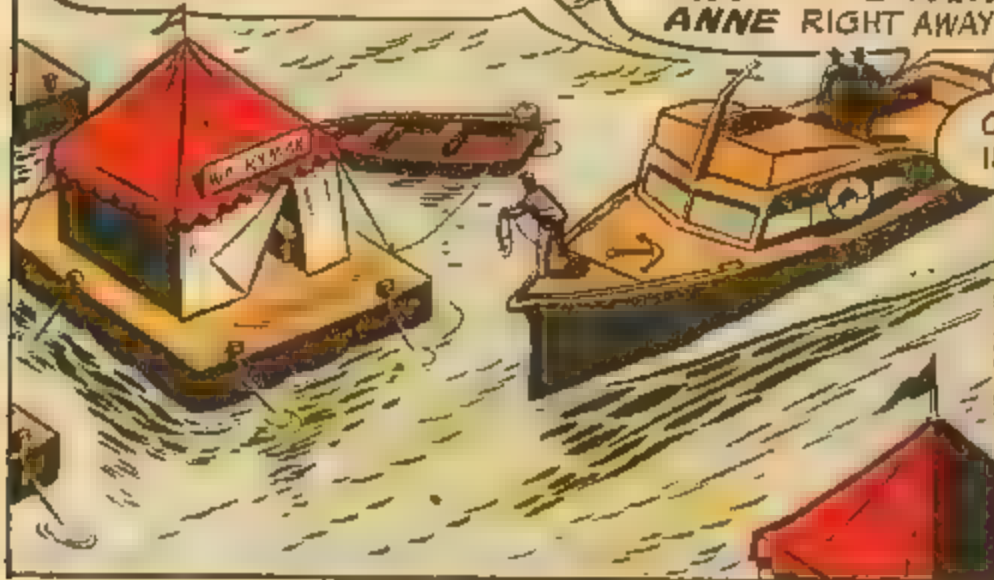
WITH THAT CRAZY **WACKYMAN** AND HIS TALENTED "FISH" WORKING FOR US, WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT AQUAMAN!

THAT'S RIGHT-- AND WE CAN GO AFTER THAT RICH CARGO ON THE **SANTA ANNE** RIGHT AWAY!

THUS, AWHILE LATER, WHEN AQUAMAN ARRIVES AT **WACKYMAN'S** SEAGOING DRESSING ROOM...

I DON'T GET IT! HE LEAVES THIS NOTE THAT HE QUIT! BUT WHY SHOULD HE, AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS SUCCESS--AND WITHOUT COLLECTING HIS PAY?

HMM... AND WITHOUT ALL OF HIS CLOTHES, TOO! MAYBE HE DIDN'T QUIT AFTER ALL.. I'LL BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR HIM!



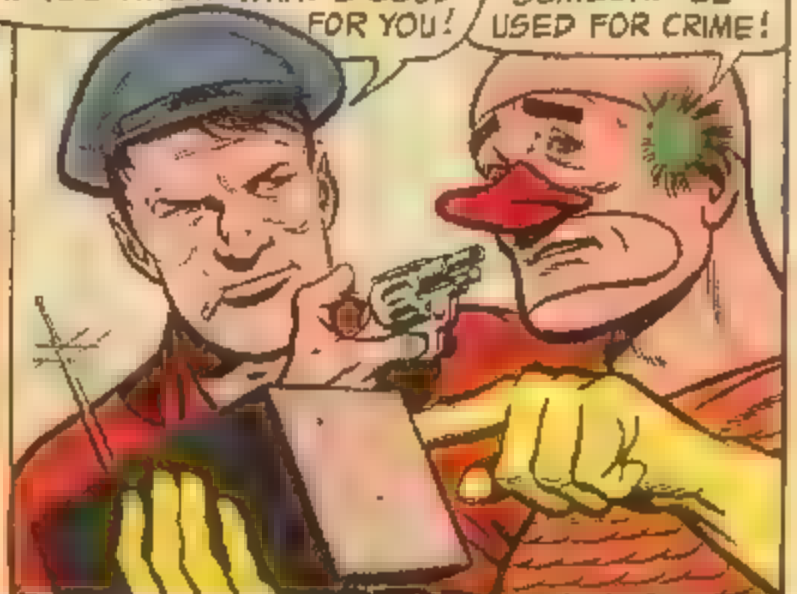
MEANWHILE, ON THE HIGH SEAS...

HERE COMES THE **SANTA ANNE** NOW!

WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP A SHIP OF THAT SIZE!

YOU DON'T THINK SO?... JUST WATCH! PRESS THE SECOND BUTTON ON THAT MAGIC BOX OF YOURS, **WACKYMAN**, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

GULP! I--I NEVER DREAMED THAT MY MECHANICAL FISH WOULD SOMEDAY BE USED FOR CRIME!



AND LOON, AS A STRING OF MECHANICAL EELS SNAKES FORWARD...

HA, HA... THE ELECTRIC EELS JUST SHORT-CIRCUITED THE SHIP'S ELECTRIC SYSTEM! NOW IT CAN'T MOVE--OR RADIO MESSAGES!

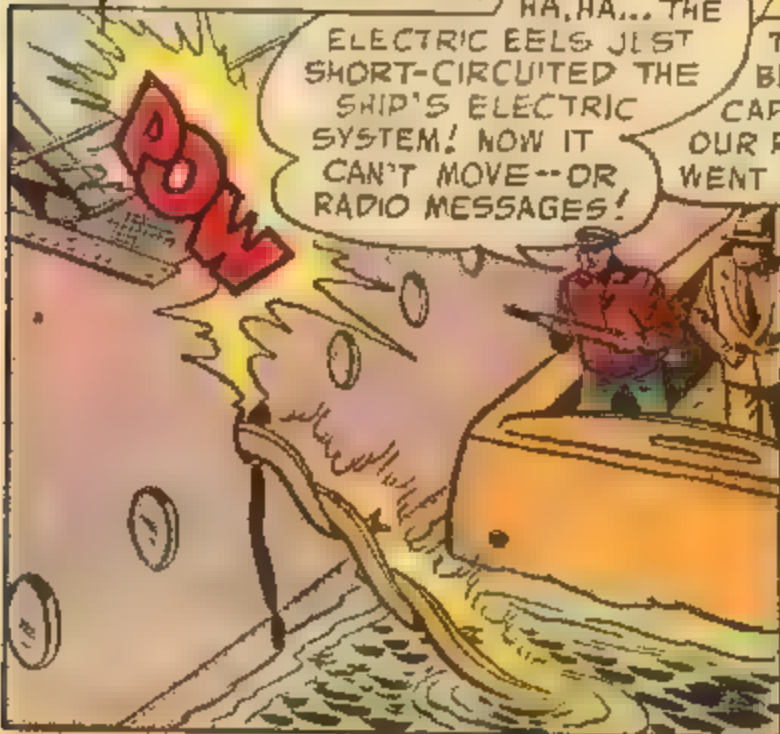
AT THE SAME TIME, ATOP THE BRIDGE...

THE SHIP IS BEING PIRATED, CAPTAIN--AND OUR RADIO WENT DEAD!

SEND UP A FLARE FOR AQUAMAN! HE'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

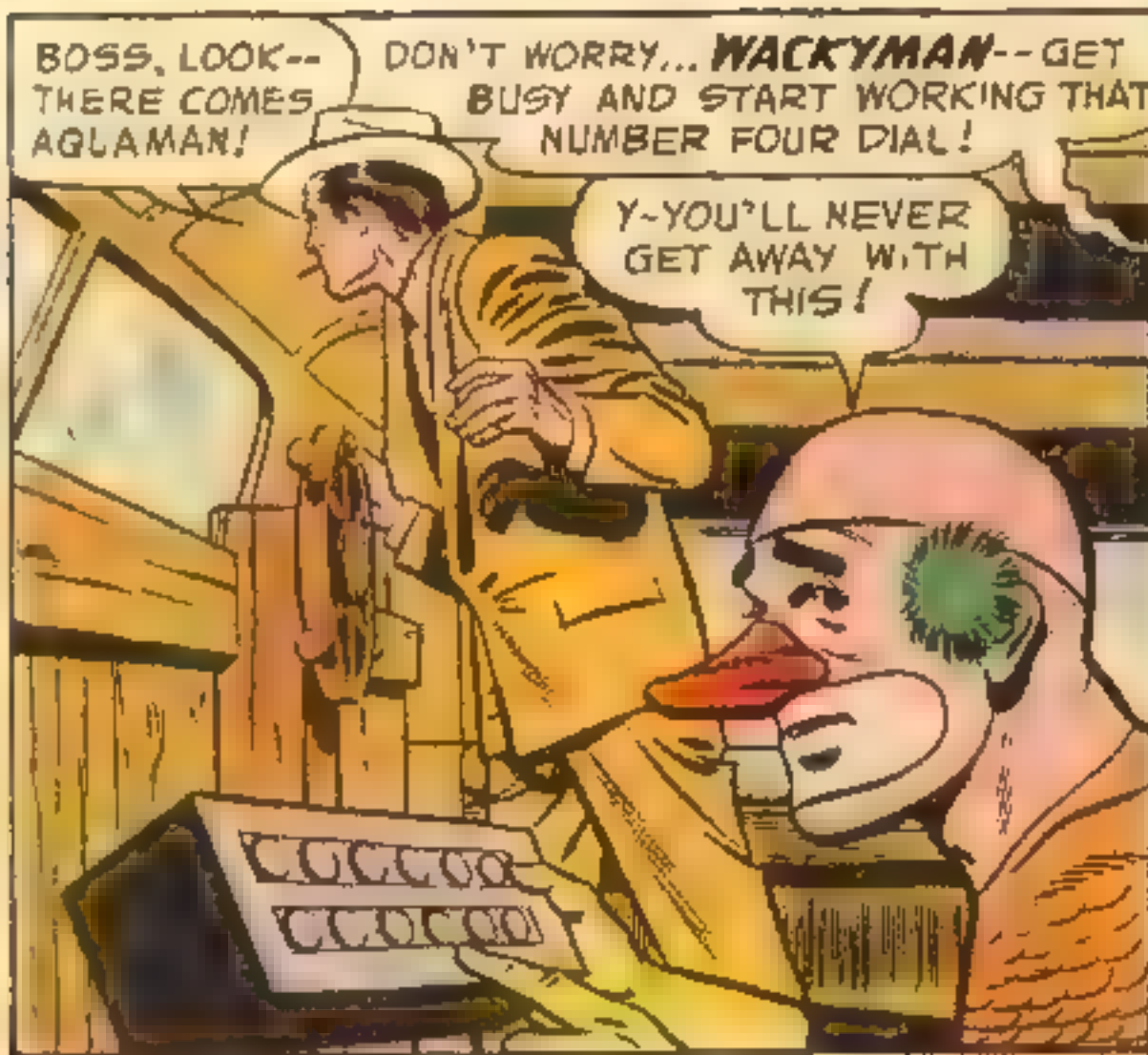
THE SEA KING SPOTS THE FLAMING SUMMONS IN THE SKY--BUT, WHEN HE ARRIVES

PIRATES!... AND THEY'VE ALREADY STOLEN THE CARGO! WELL, I'LL SOON PUT AN END TO THEIR GAME...





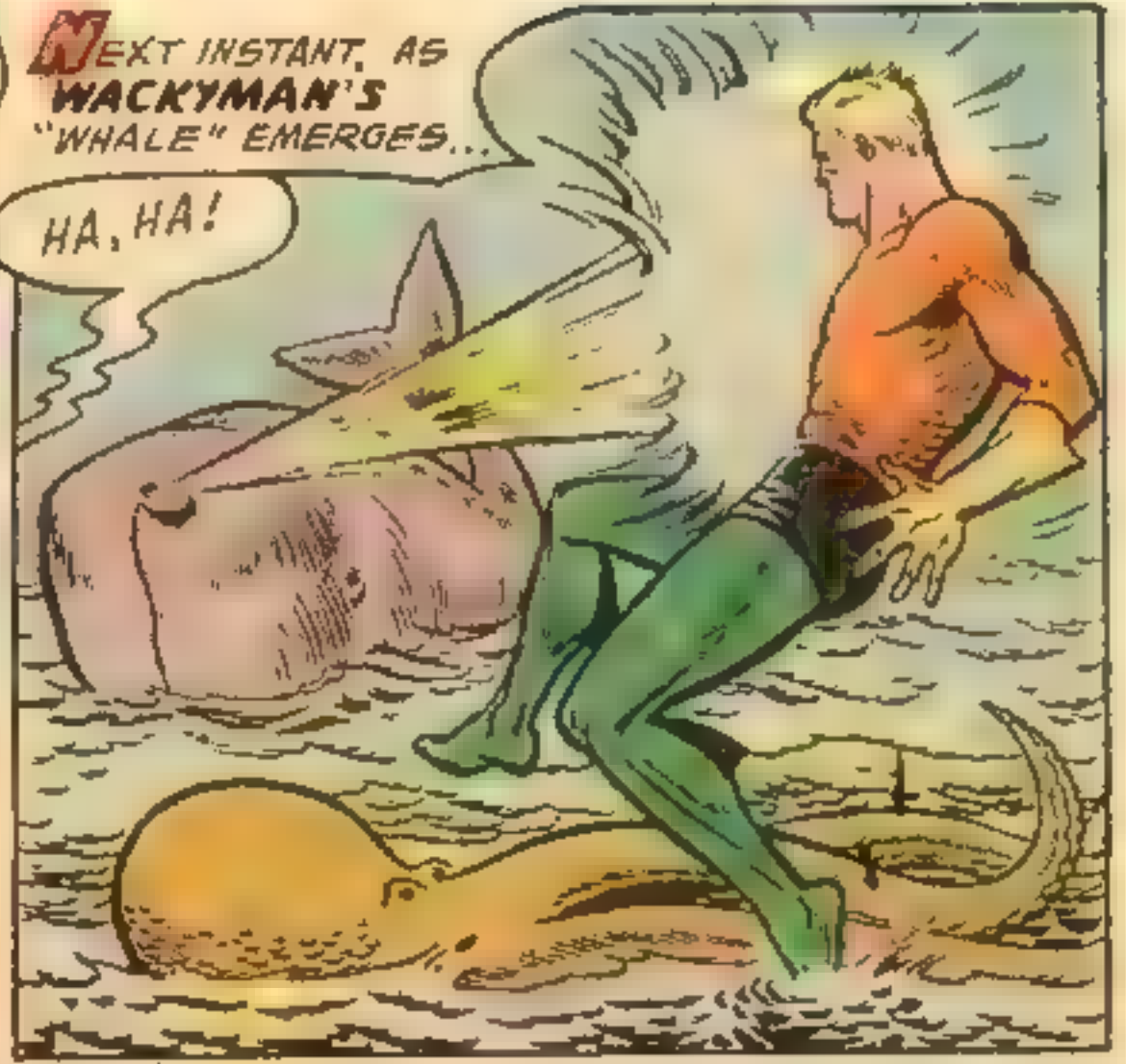
ADVENTURE COMICS



BOSS, LOOK--
THERE COMES
AQLAMAN!

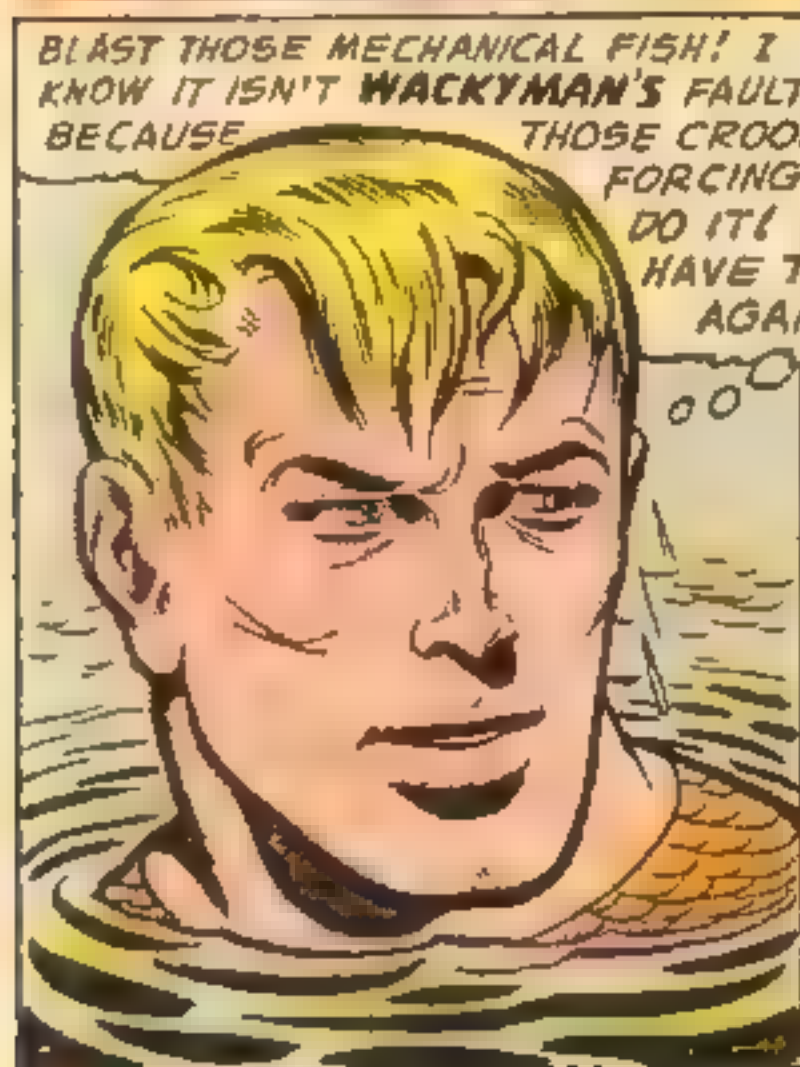
DON'T WORRY... **WACKYMAN**-- GET
BUSY AND START WORKING THAT
NUMBER FOUR DIAL!

Y-YOU'LL NEVER
GET AWAY WITH
THIS!



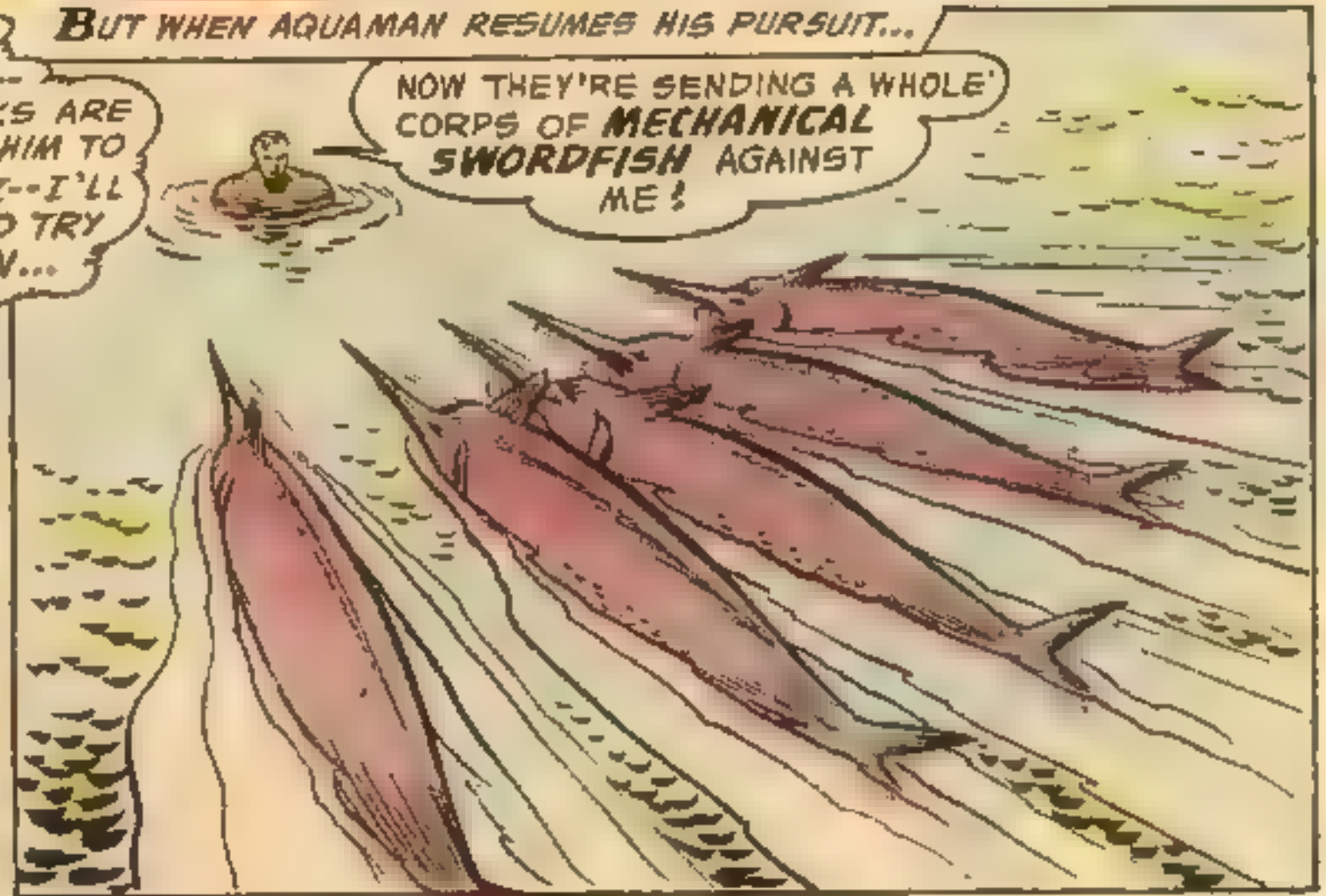
**NEXT INSTANT, AS
WACKYMAN'S
"WHALE" EMERGES...**

HA, HA!



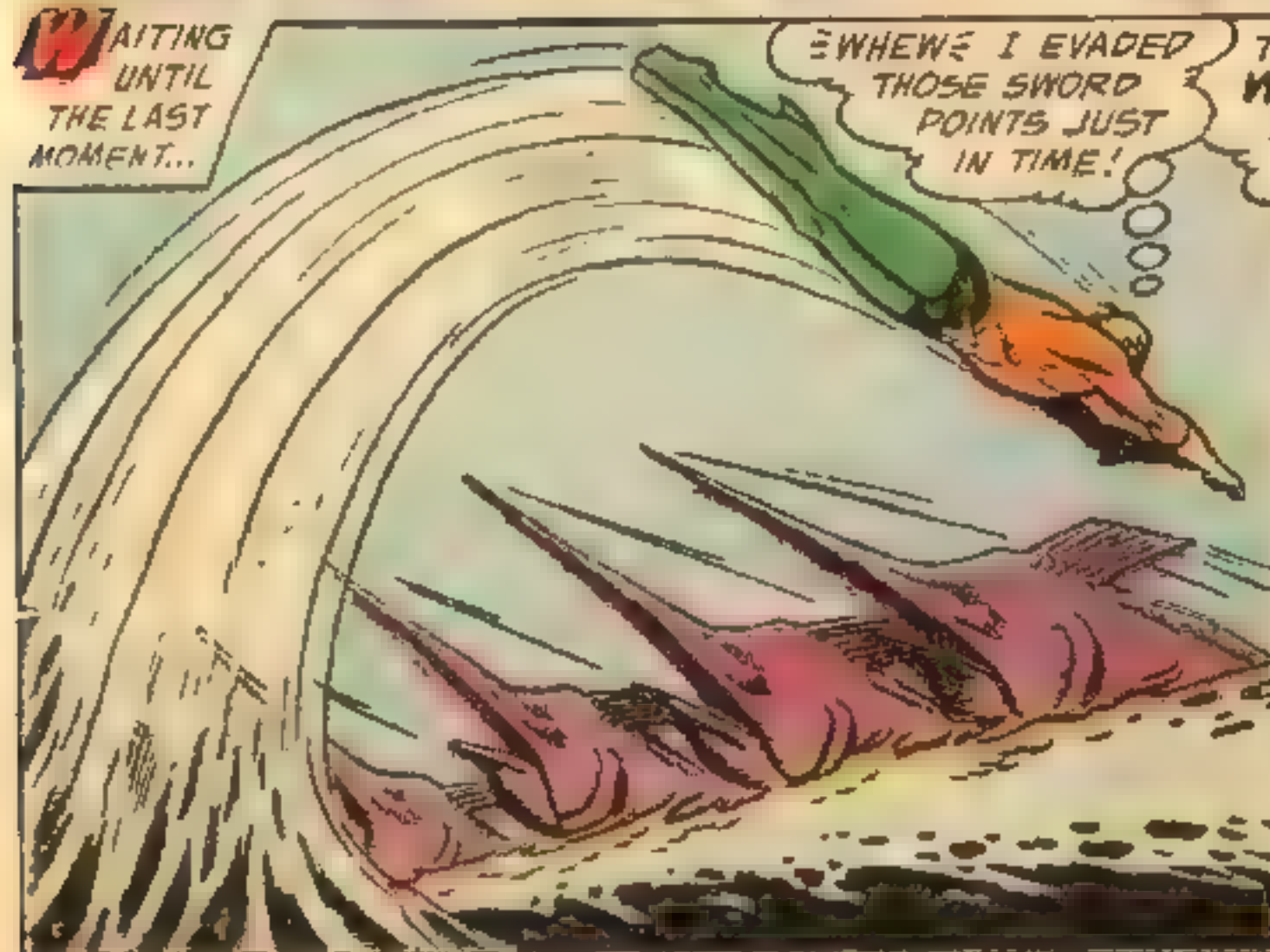
BLAST THOSE MECHANICAL FISH! I
KNOW IT ISN'T **WACKYMAN'S** FAULT--
BECAUSE

THOSE CROOKS ARE
FORCING HIM TO
DO IT! I--I'LL
HAVE TO TRY
AGAIN...



BUT WHEN AQUAMAN RESUMES HIS PURSUIT...

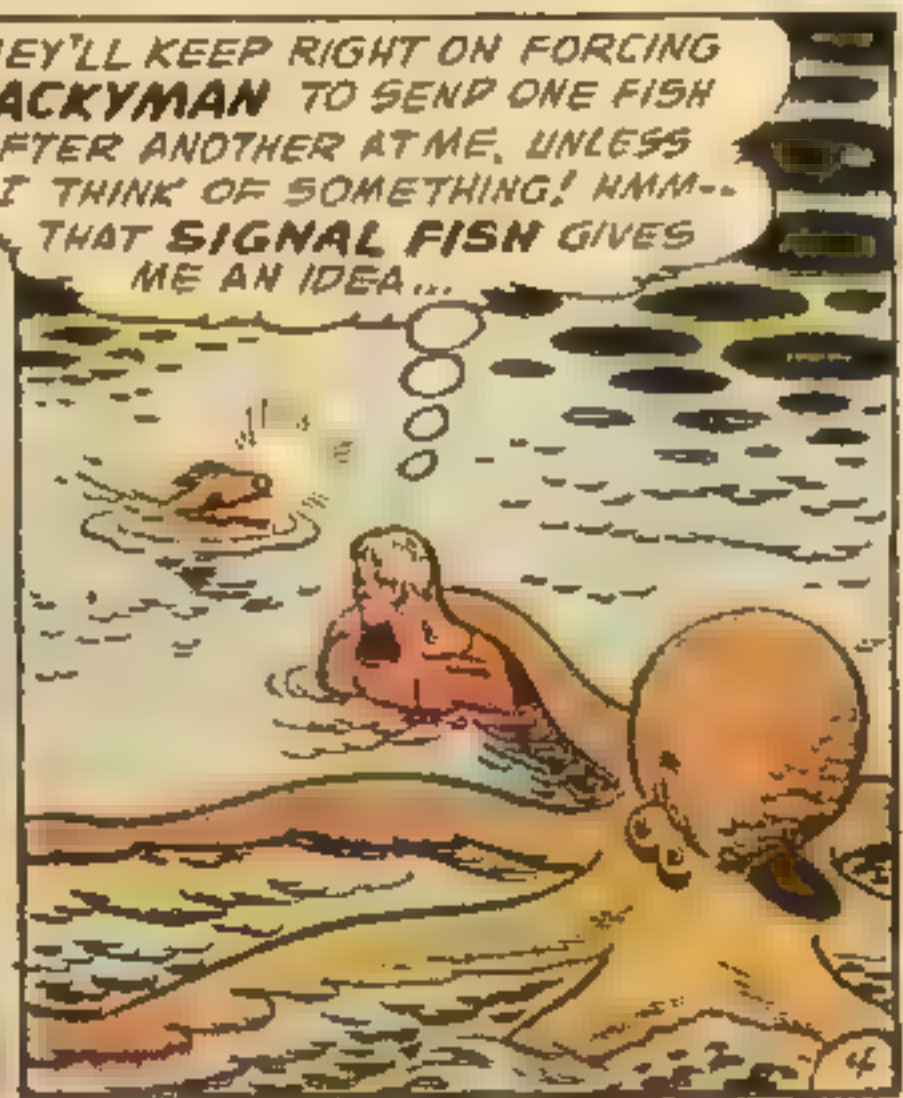
NOW THEY'RE SENDING A WHOLE
CORPS OF **MECHANICAL
SWORDFISH** AGAINST
ME!



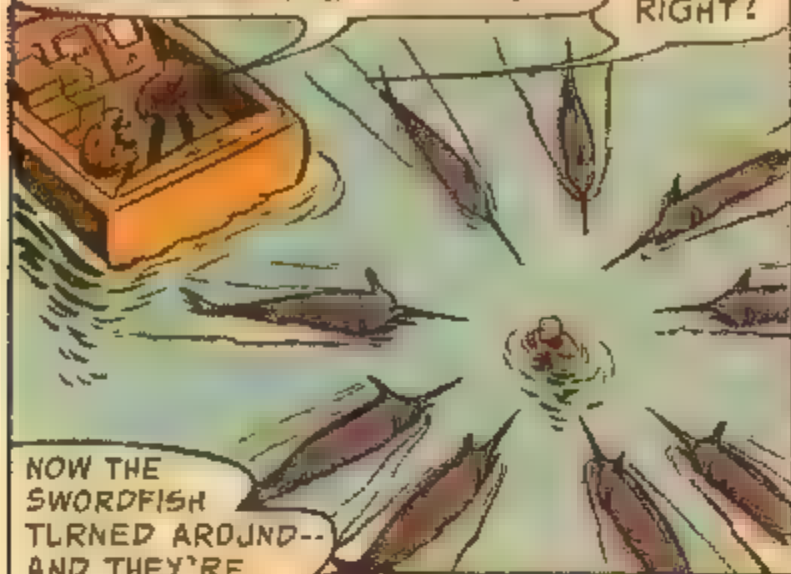
**WAITING
UNTIL
THE LAST
MOMENT...**

EWHEW! I EVADED
THOSE SWORD
POINTS JUST
IN TIME!

THEY'LL KEEP RIGHT ON FORCING
WACKYMAN TO SEND ONE FISH
AFTER ANOTHER AT ME, UNLESS
I THINK OF SOMETHING! MMM--
THAT **SIGNAL FISH** GIVES
ME AN IDEA...

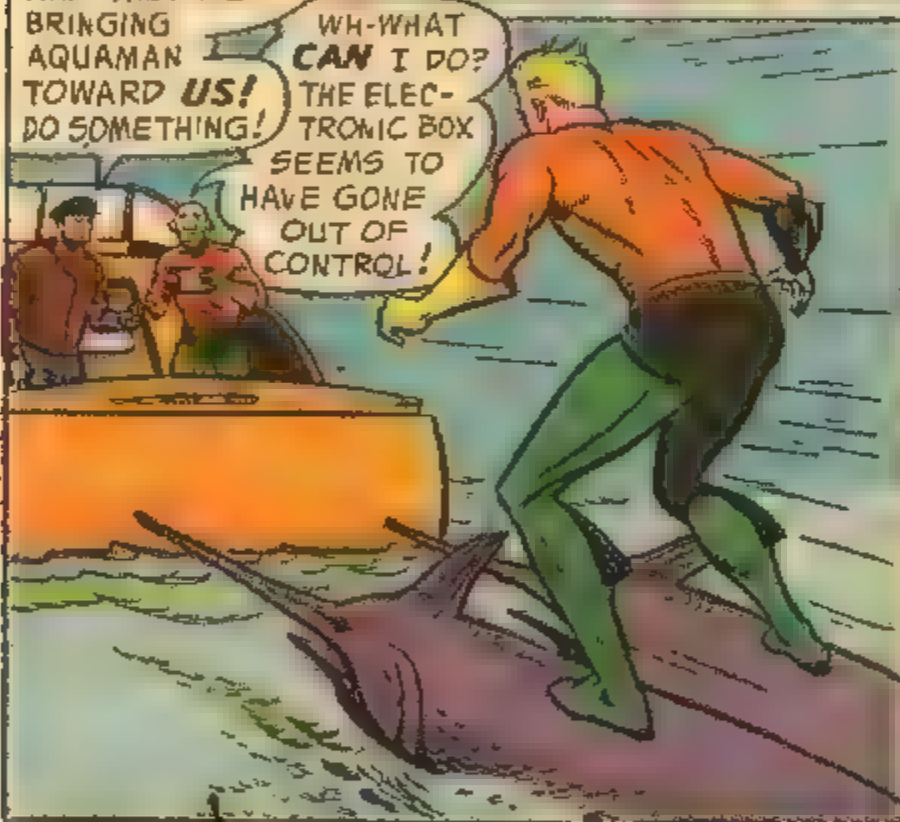


SHORTLY, AS AQUAMAN MAKES HIS FINAL, DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO OVERTAKE THE MODERN PIRATES... THAT'S RIGHT--WE'VE GOT AQUAMAN COMPLETELY SURROUNDED WITH YOUR SWORDFISH! NOW KEEP NARROWING THE CIRCLE! A-ALL RIGHT!

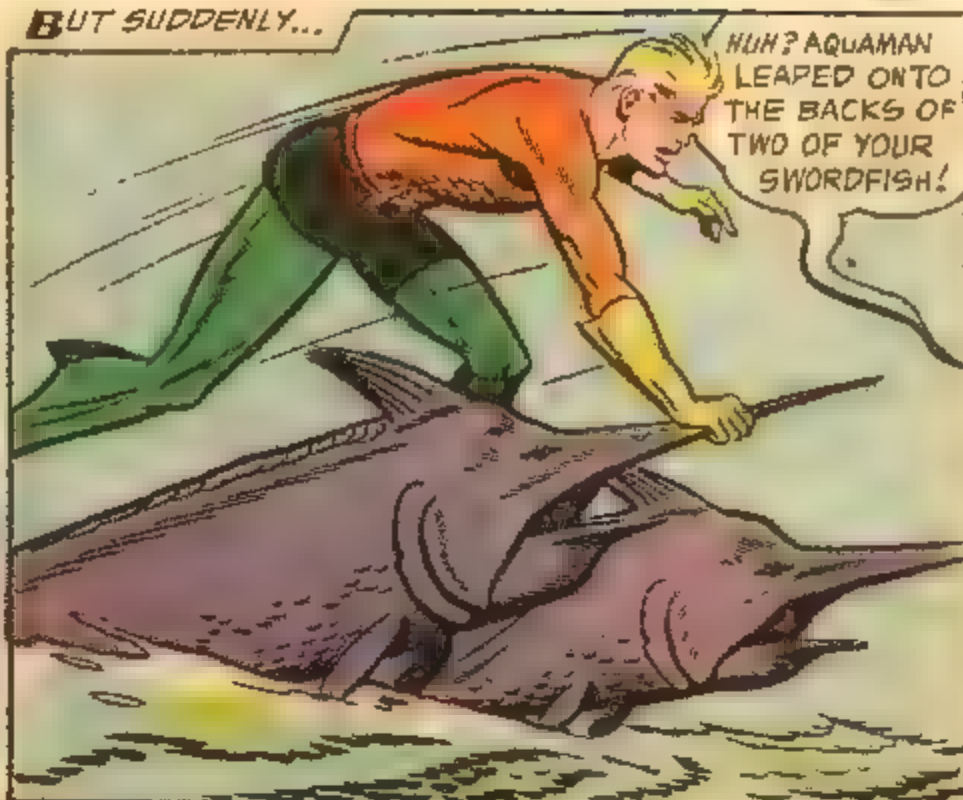


NOW THE SWORDFISH TURNED AROUND--AND THEY'RE BRINGING AQUAMAN TOWARD US! DO SOMETHING!

WH-WHAT CAN I DO? THE ELECTROMIC BOX SEEMS TO HAVE GONE OUT OF CONTROL!



BUT SUDDENLY...



HUH? AQUAMAN LEAPED ONTO THE BACKS OF TWO OF YOUR SWORDFISH!

TRY THE ELECTRIC EELS! WE'LL SHOCK HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SEA!

WH-WHATEVER YOU SAY...



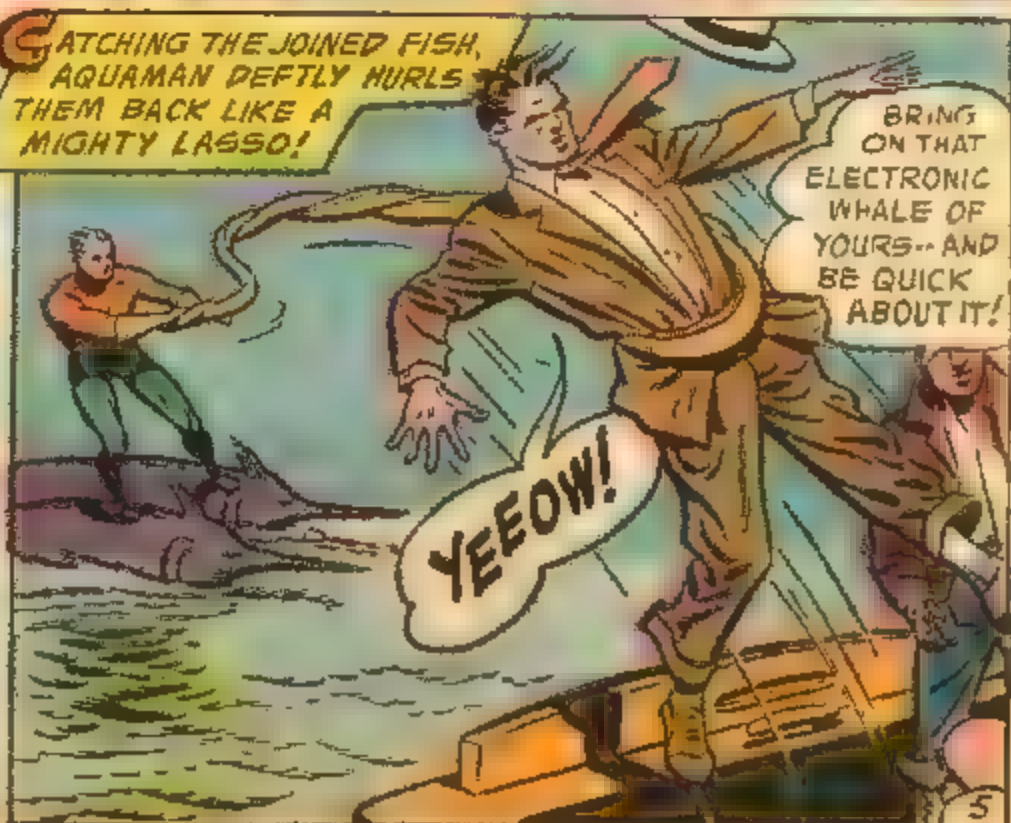
BUT WHEN THE EELS LEAP IN FORMATION FROM THE WATER...

AH--JUST WHAT I NEEDED!



CATCHING THE JOINED FISH, AQUAMAN DEFTLY HURLS THEM BACK LIKE A MIGHTY LASSO!

BRING ON THAT ELECTRONIC WHALE OF YOURS--AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

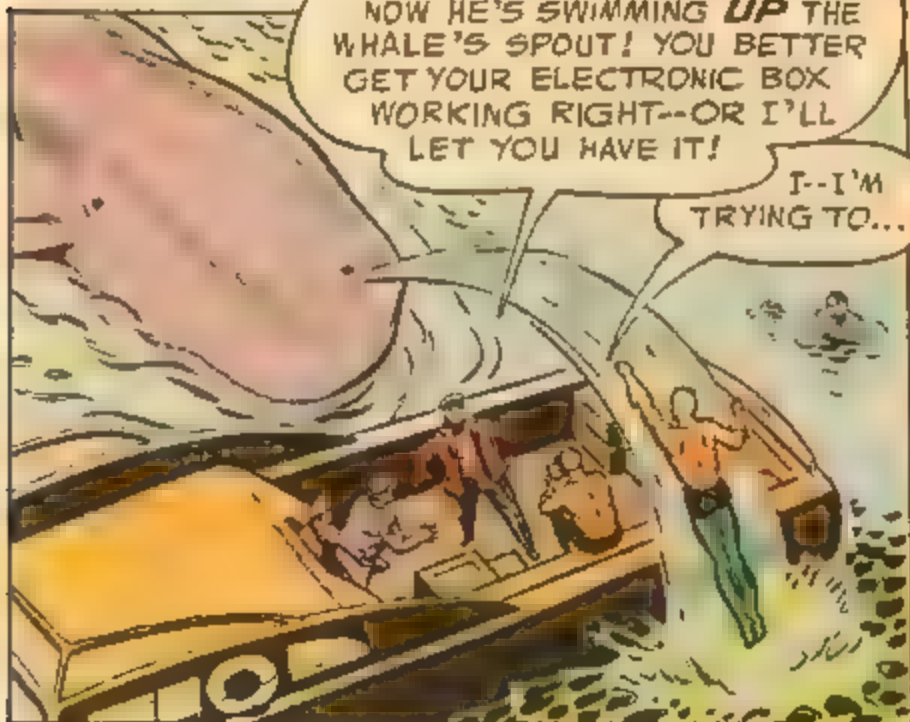


YEEOW!

BUT WHEN THE HUGE HULK OF THE WHALE BREAKS THE SURFACE...

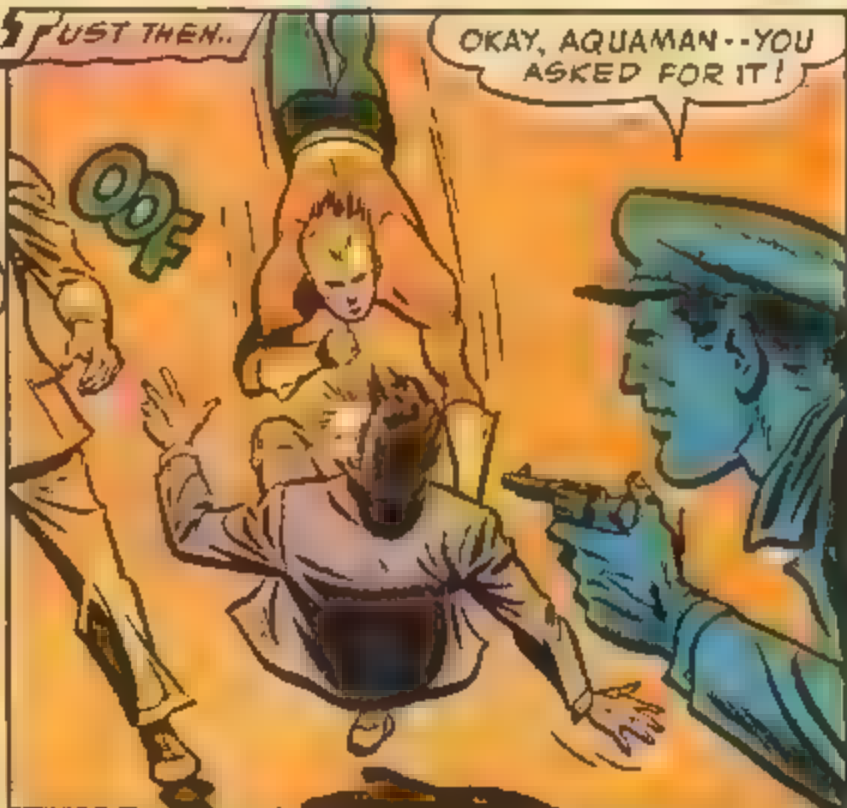
NOW HE'S SWIMMING **UP** THE WHALE'S SPOUT! YOU BETTER GET YOUR ELECTRONIC BOX WORKING RIGHT--OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!

I--I'M TRYING TO...

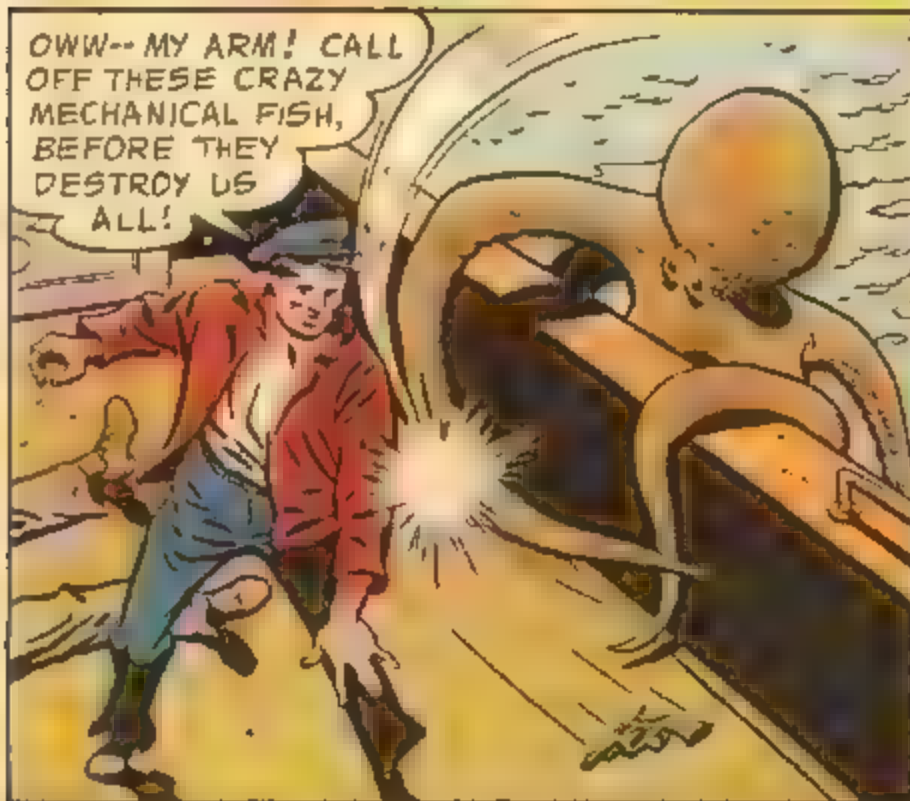


JUST THEN...

OKAY, AQUAMAN--YOU ASKED FOR IT!

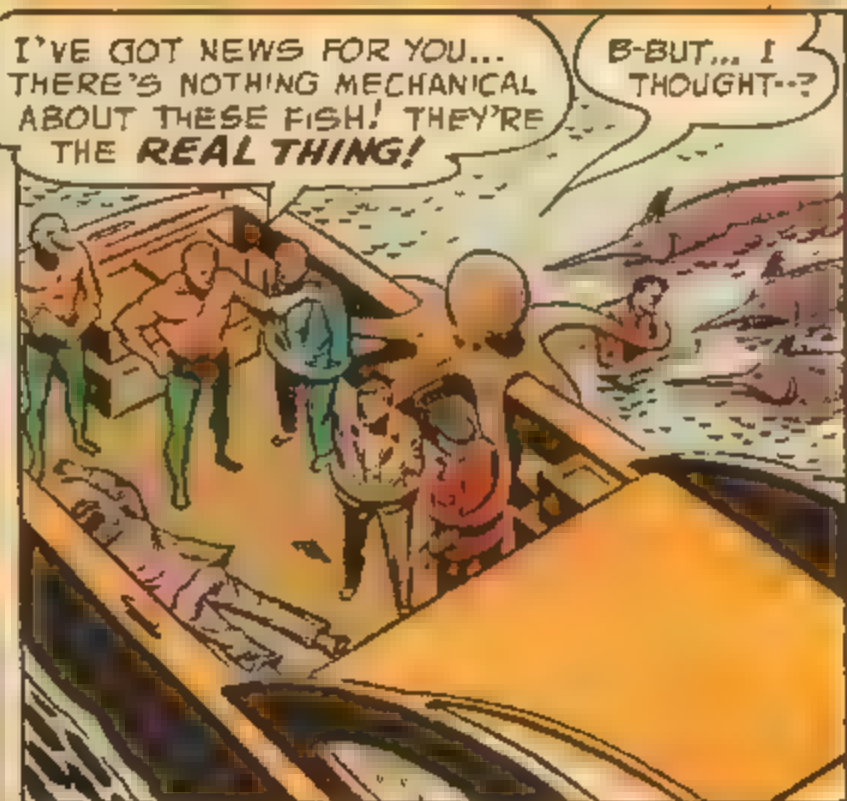


OWW-- MY ARM! CALL OFF THESE CRAZY MECHANICAL FISH, BEFORE THEY DESTROY US ALL!



I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU... THERE'S NOTHING MECHANICAL ABOUT THESE FISH! THEY'RE THE **REAL THING!**

B-BUT... I THOUGHT--?



I KNOW... YOU THOUGHT IT WAS **WACKYMAN'S** IMITATIONS! ACTUALLY, HE WAS ONLY **PRETENDING** TO OPERATE THAT ELECTRONIC PANEL-- JUST AS I TOLD HIM TO DO!

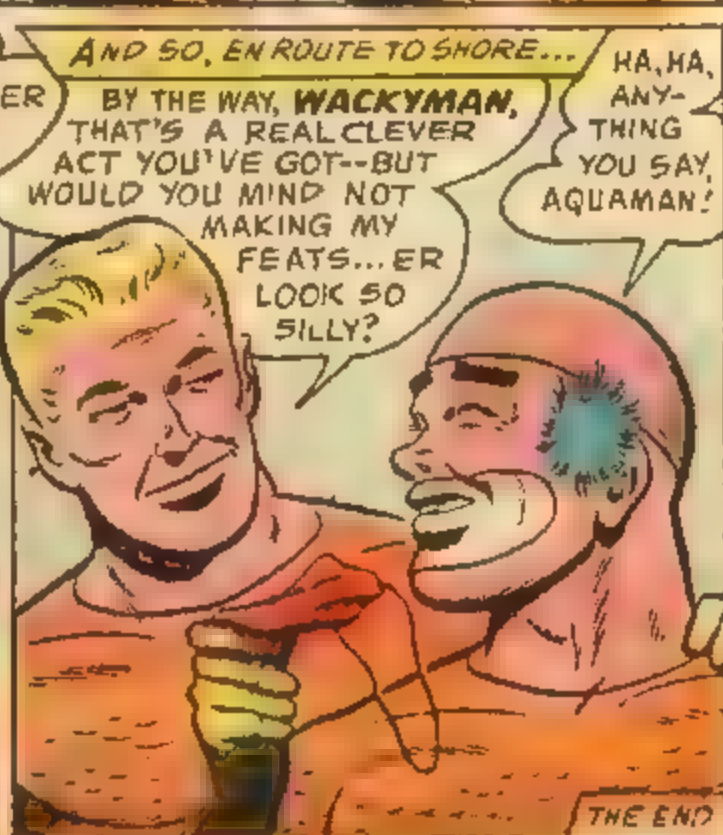
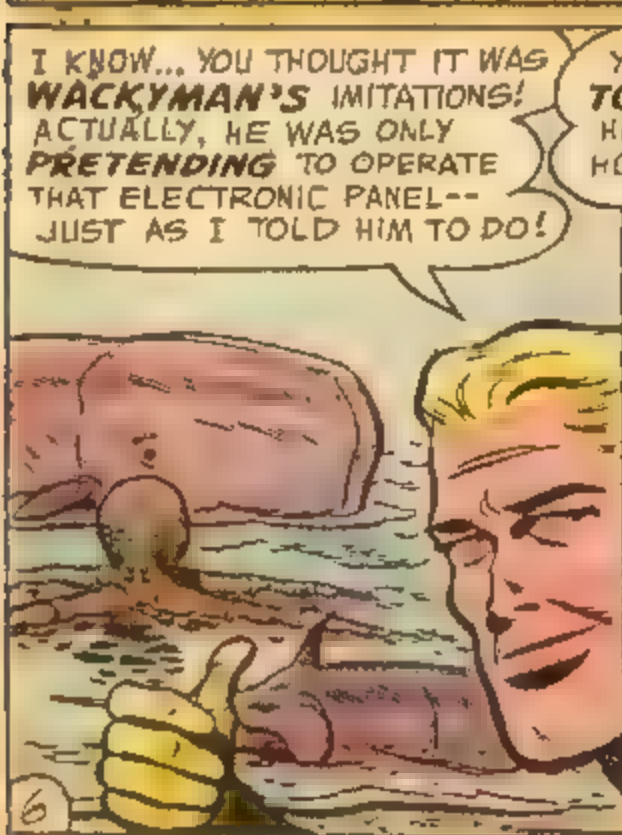
YOU TOLD HIM? HOW?

BY SIGNAL LIGHTS SENT OUT BY ANOTHER **REAL FISH--THAT SIGNAL FISH!**

AND SO, EN ROUTE TO SHORE...

BY THE WAY, **WACKYMAN**, THAT'S A REAL CLEVER ACT YOU'VE GOT--BUT WOULD YOU MIND NOT MAKING MY FEATS... ER LOOK SO SILLY?

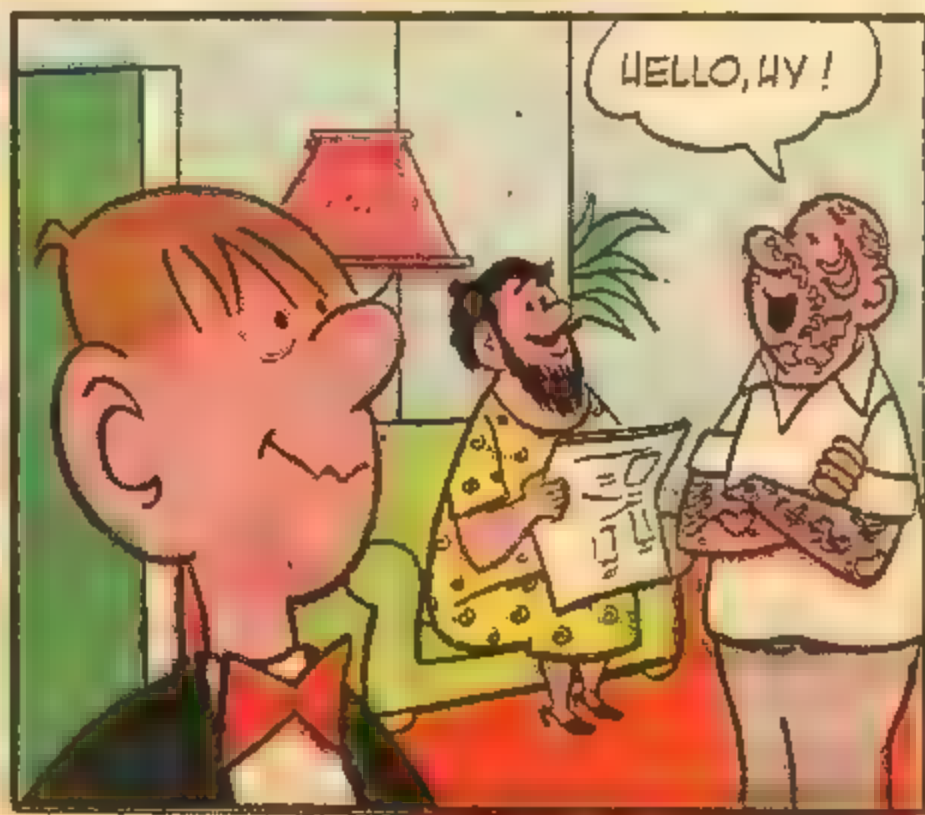
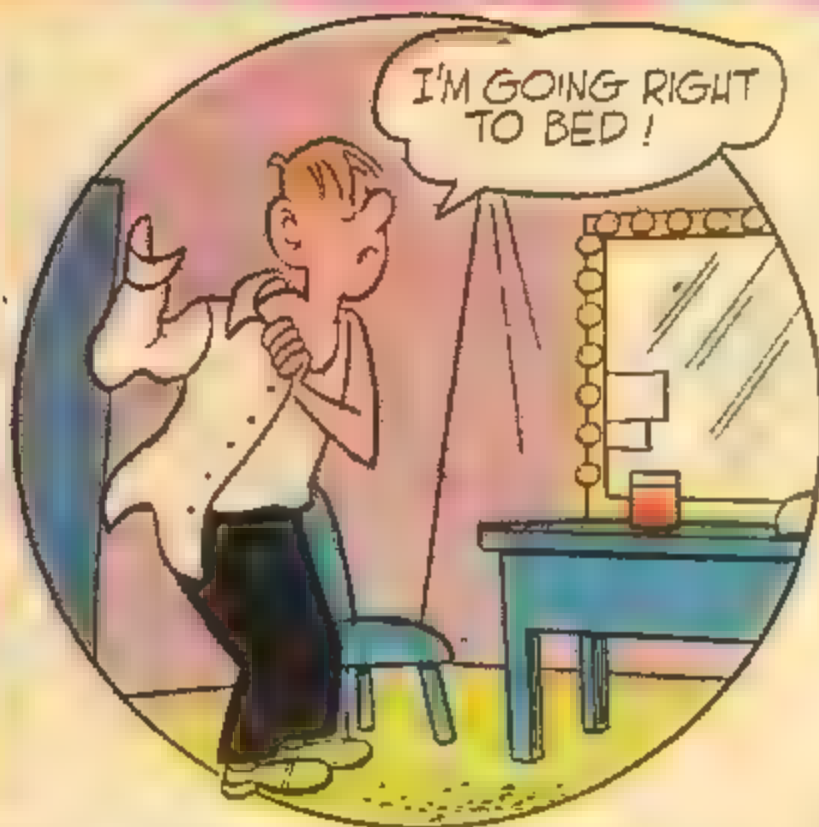
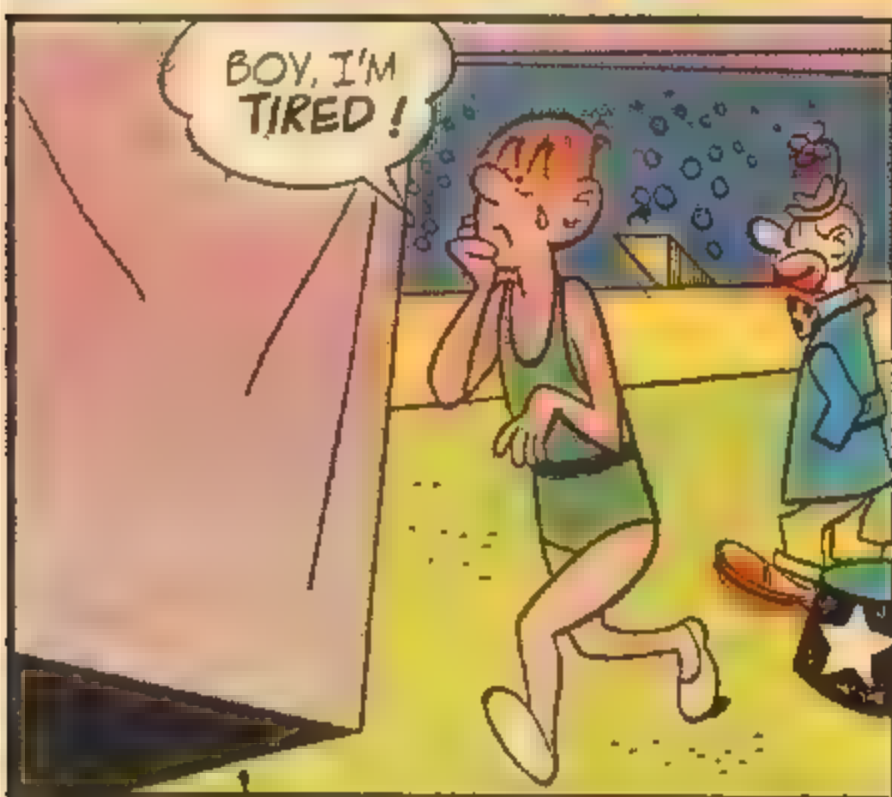
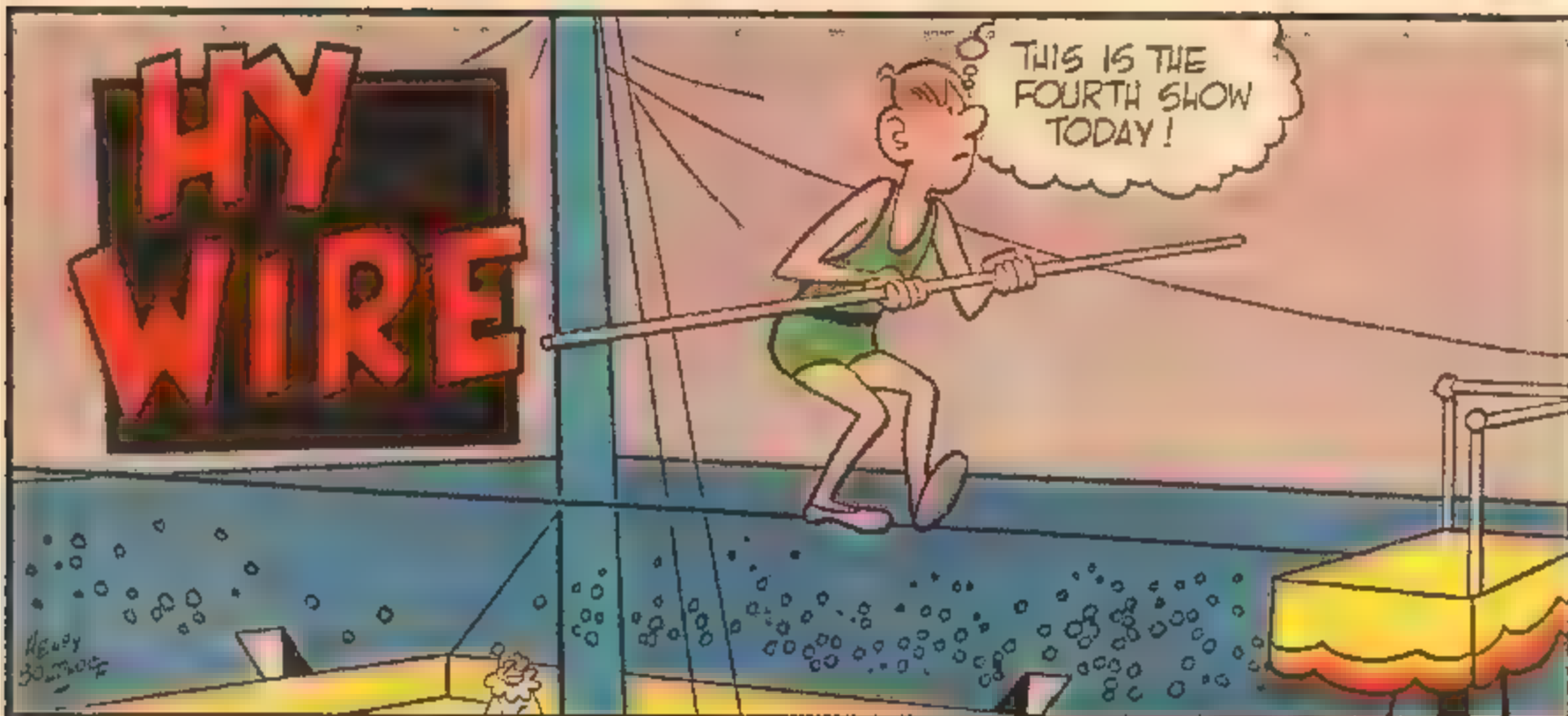
HA, HA, ANYTHING YOU SAY, AQUAMAN!

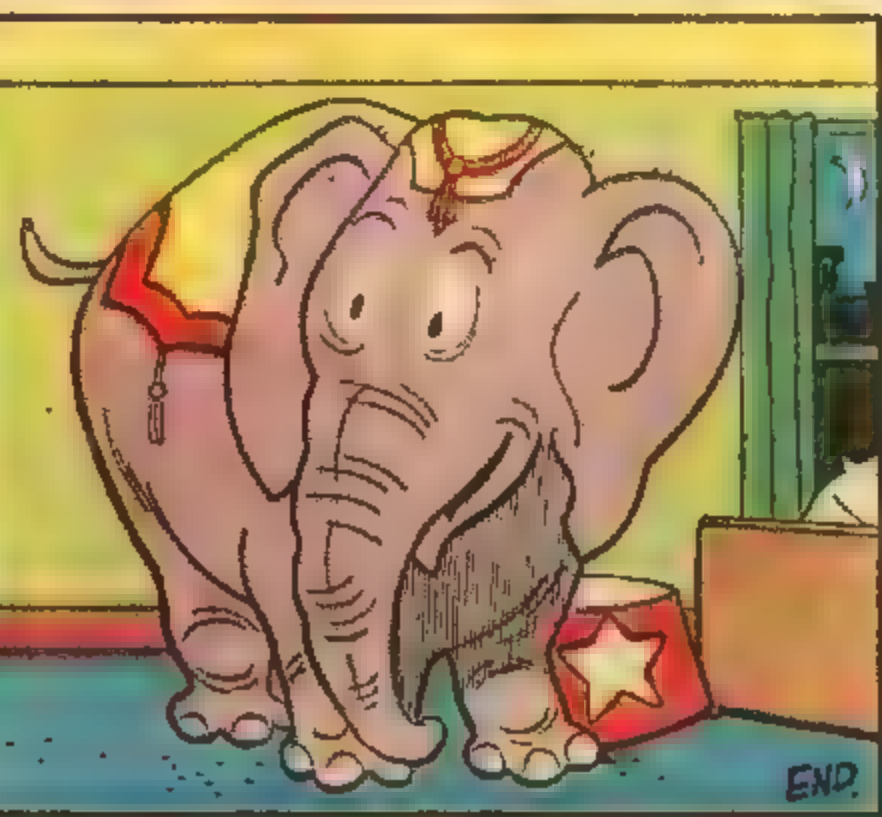
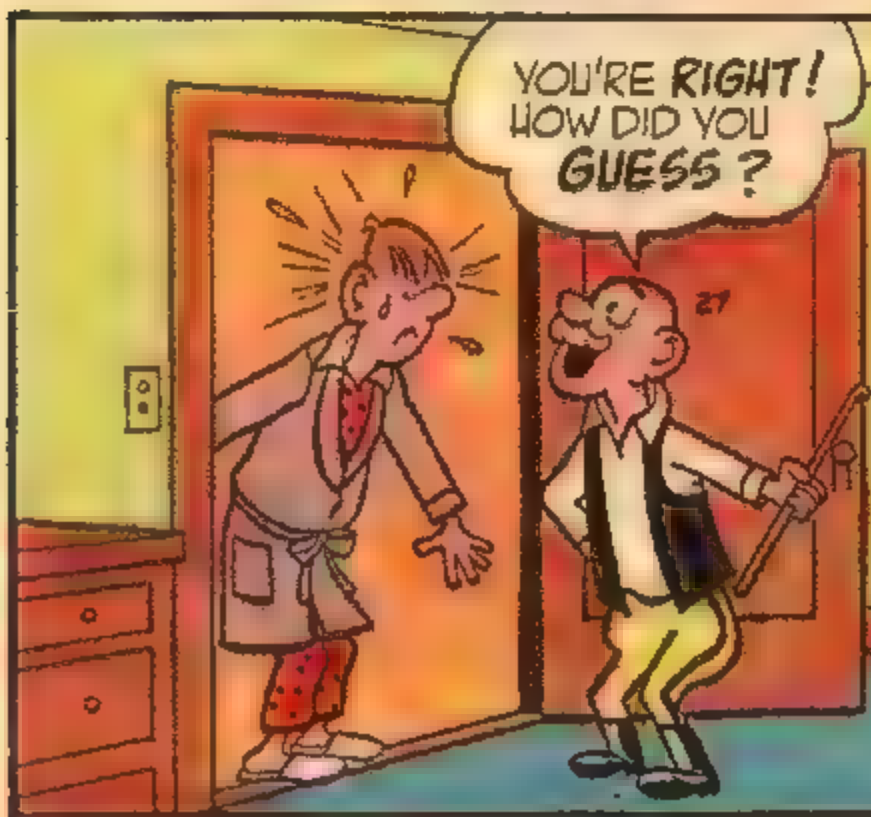
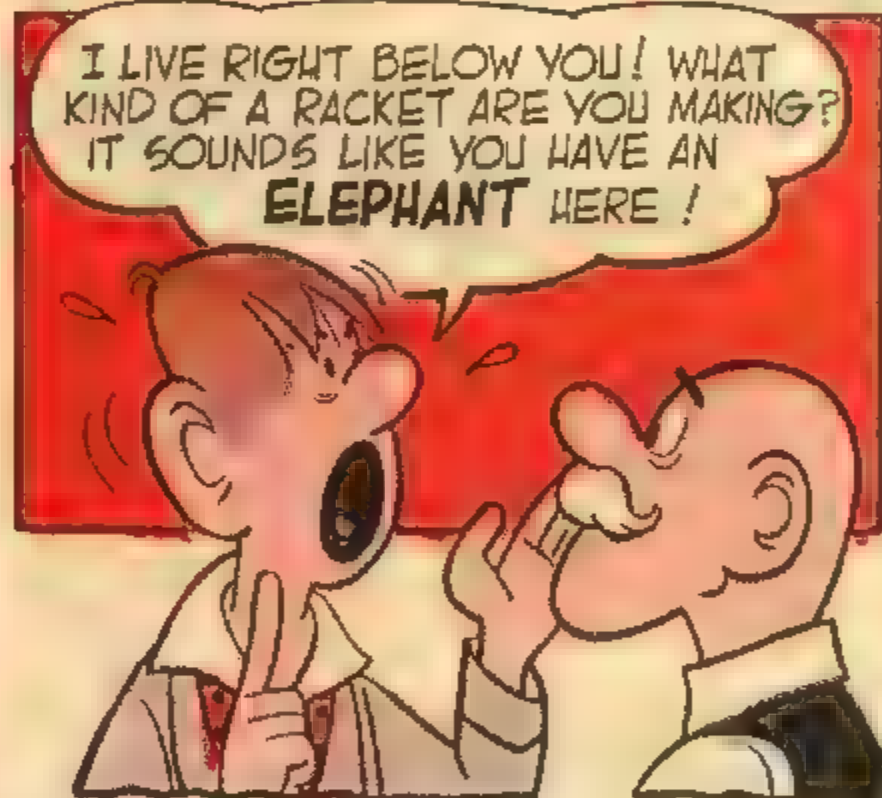
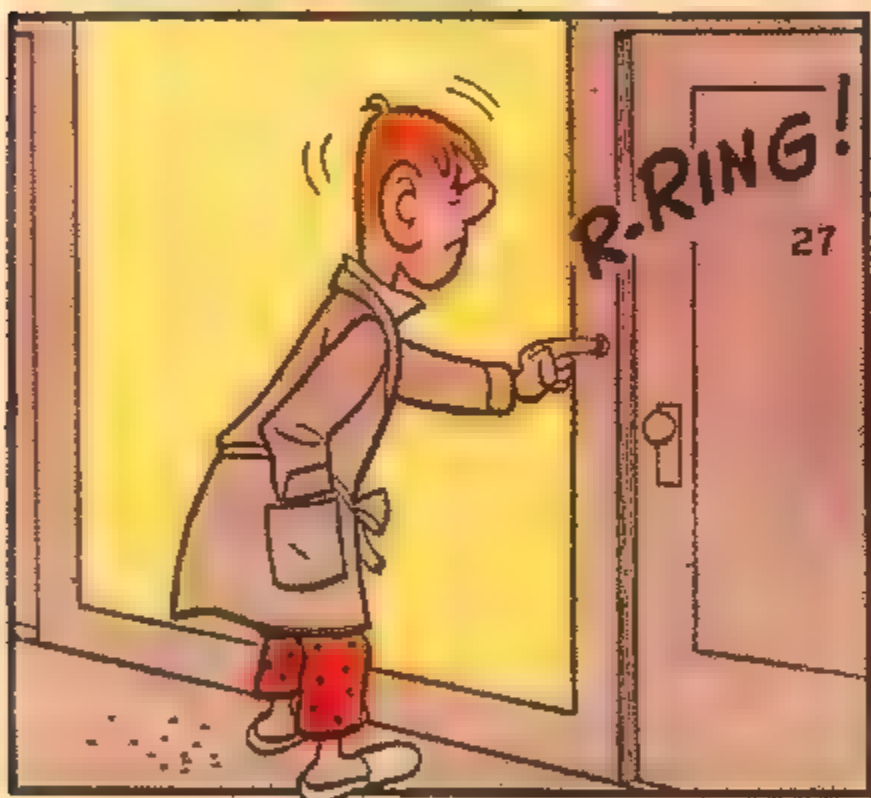
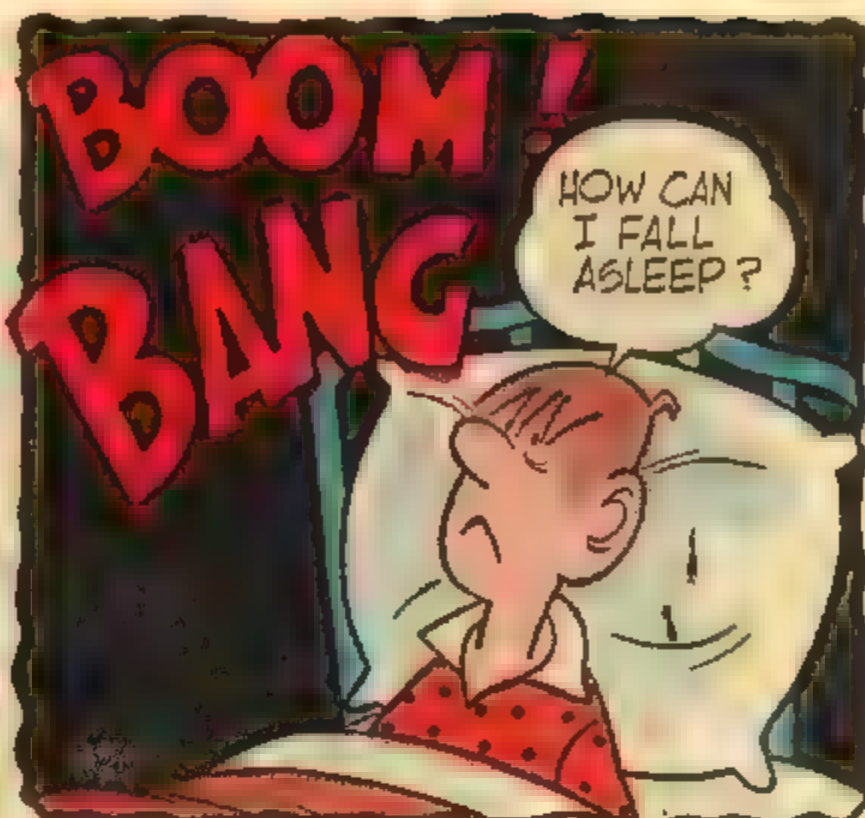
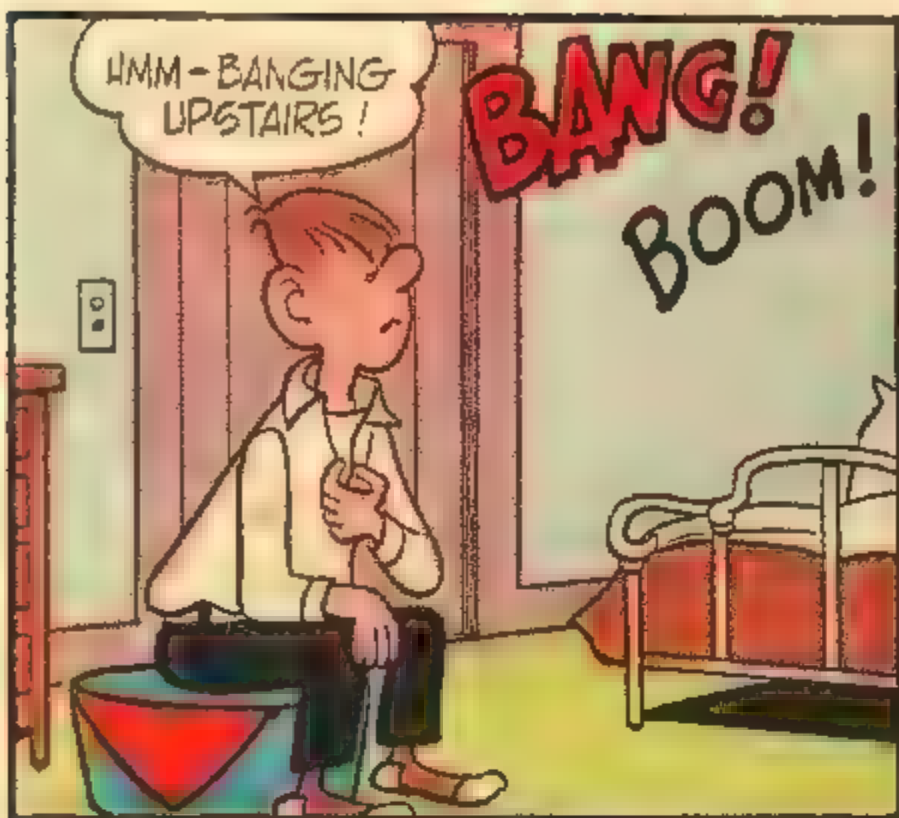


THE END

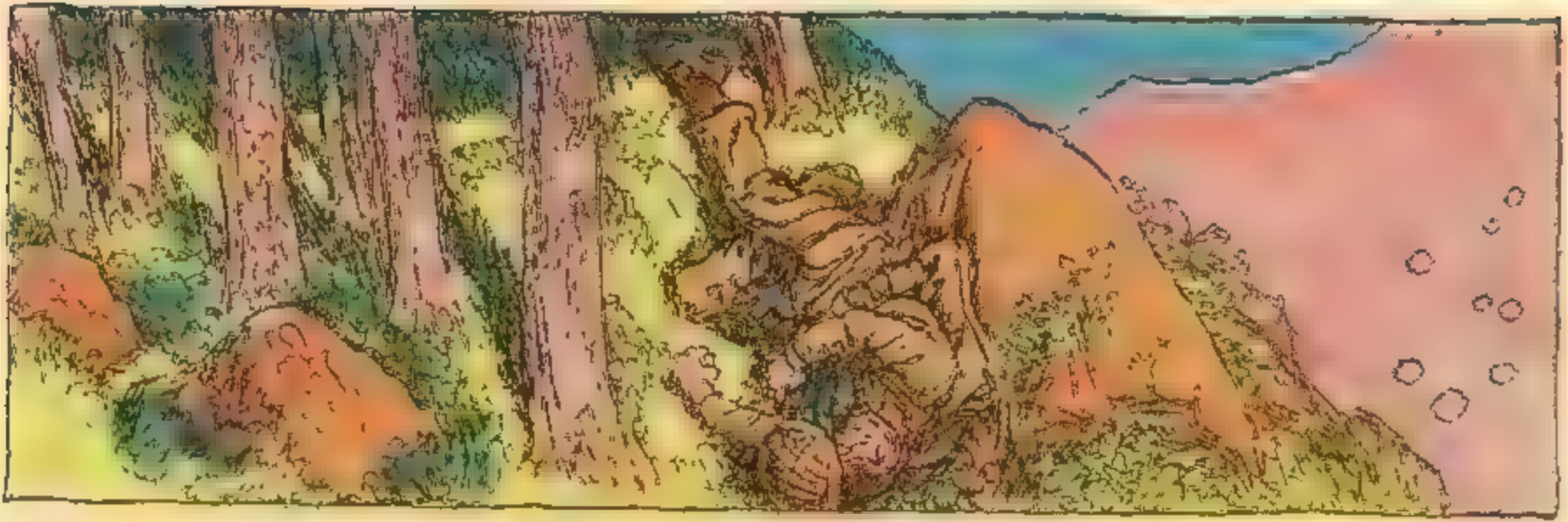


ADVENTURE COMICS





Peril On Hill 513



They Were Scouting an Enemy Strongpoint When a Sudden Accident Made the Three Rookies Think Fast

"COME on, you guys!" growled the sergeant. "This isn't a Sunday picnic!" He waved his carbine, urging them on. The three men of the patrol shifted their packs and resumed their climb. That Sgt. Sykes, they thought as one, wouldn't let them rest for a minute. He had only contempt for them because they were rookie replacements for GI's who'd been knocked out of combat. Sgt. Sykes was a rough and tough veteran, an Army regular, who disdained draftees. To add to their humiliation, he often accused them of lacking resourcefulness. "A-GI has to be ingenious to meet all emergencies," he said.

Their mission was to reach the top of Hill 513, observe and confirm the massing of an enemy division at the base of the other side of the peak, return and report to their own unit's S-2 Intelligence Officer. Sgt. Sykes proved to be an old hand at reconnaissance patrols. Skillfully, he had guided his scouts around the enemy's machinegun emplacements at the hill's base. He had exhibited similar skill as they wiggled through enemy positions, in the side of the hill.

Now, up, up, they were climbing silently, stealthily, alert for any sign of the enemy. An engagement, each man knew although this was his baptism in combat, would mean not only death or capture, but the destruction of a mission which was to ferret out information vitally important to the American forces.

Sgt. Sykes was the point for the patrol. Through narrowed eye slits he searched the scrubby terrain up ahead at a 45-degree angle. He turned to the others and whispered between cupped hands: "About 300 yards more, and we'll be at the top!"

He had barely finished uttering the words, when suddenly one of his feet shot out from under him. His arms flailed out in an awkward attempt to balance himself or grasp an object to stop himself from falling. But down he crashed, rolling pellmell, kicking up a trail of dirt and stones, until his rolling body slammed into a boulder near Pvt. Terrell, and stopped.

Pvt. Terrell was crouched, examining him, when Pvt. Greene and Pvt. Brody scrambled over to the scene. "He's out like a light," said Terrell. "Must've hurt his head."

Greene unfastened his canteen and extended it to Terrell. "Give him some water. Maybe it'll help bring him around."

Terrell forced Sgt. Sykes' mouth open, but the water clung to his still lips. He returned the canteen to Greene.

"Good gravy!" cried Greene, abruptly, as loud as he dared to. "Look at his leg!"

The others followed the direction of his pointing finger. Sgt. Sykes' left leg was twisted grotesquely. "It's broken," said Brody. "What a mess we're in now!"

And then, suddenly, a new thought struck them as one. Each glanced about nervously. Had the enemy heard the noise of Sgt.

Sykes' tumble? Would they search the area to determine the cause—and come upon the stricken sergeant and his three rookies?

"We can't let him lie like that," said Brody. "We've got to take him back down."

"No, we've got to let him stay. It might be dangerous to move him," said Terrell.

"Suppose," said Greene, "suppose we go on up to the top, finish our recon, then pick him up on the way down?"

"And suppose he needs immediate medical attention?" asked Terrell. "Could any one of us forgive ourselves if he . . . if he . . . ?" the question went unfinished. And in each soldier's mind burnt the memory of Sgt. Sykes' blistering insults, his blustering about the incapacibilities of the new recruits.

"Tell you what," Terrell went on. "One of us will stay with him. The other two will go on back down and fetch a medic. I said, two of you because if one doesn't reach the Aid Station, the other one will!"

"Okay. Odd finger stays," said Greene.

The three youths thrust out their fists, with digits extended. "I stay," said Terrell. "Make it fast, you two, but be careful!"

Greene and Brody, after a last moment's glance at Sgt. Sykes, gripped their M-1's, flipped a salute to Terrell, and moved off. Terrell, after he watched them until they vanished among the stepped-down trees, clambered up to retrieve Sgt. Sykes' carbine, released the safety catch on his own M-1, and with the two weapons across his knees, sat down in watchful waiting.

Greene and Brody moved cautiously. Daylight had deepened to dusk, and now the first pall of darkness was descending like an impenetrable curtain. Strange night noises sprang up, alarming them, making them acutely aware of the danger of the unseen enemy. Carefully, they trod downhill, testing every footstep because a mere snap of a twig would betray their presence.

Now, hours later, cold, moist dawn was lifting. Terrell caught himself nodding, wiped the sweet sleep clinging to his tired eyes with his fist. He rose, was stretching himself when he froze. There was the unmistakable sound of footsteps down there to the left. Brody and Greene couldn't have fetched a medic and returned so soon! He shielded himself behind a tree, aimed his rifle in the direction of the oncoming strangers.

From out of a clump of bushes stepped Brody, Greene, and a medic. "Hi!" called Terrell and advanced to meet them.

"How is he?" asked Greene.

"He's come around a little. Been moaning all night," said Terrell. "What do you say, medic?"

The medic was already on his knees, examining Sgt. Sykes. "He's got a broken leg, all right, and a concussion of the brain. I wouldn't be surprised if he had some internal injuries, also. Lucky you didn't try to move him last night. It might've been fatal. Well, let's get going. Help me lift him onto that litter."

"How about our recon patrol?" asked Greene. "We had a reason for coming up here, remember? S-2 will want our information."

"You two help the medic," said Terrell. "I'll go up to the top alone. Just let me have back my shirt I covered the sergeant with during the night."

Terrell completed his assignment. The enemy's massing of strength was relayed to the Air Force, which, that same day, bombed their position. A week later, Terrell, Brody and Greene visited Sgt. Sykes, who was making a fast recovery, back at the battalion aid station. "Hello, men! Glad to see you," he greeted them. This was the first time, the trio noted, that he had called them, "men." Gone was the strident tone of his voice, the bragging, the mockery.

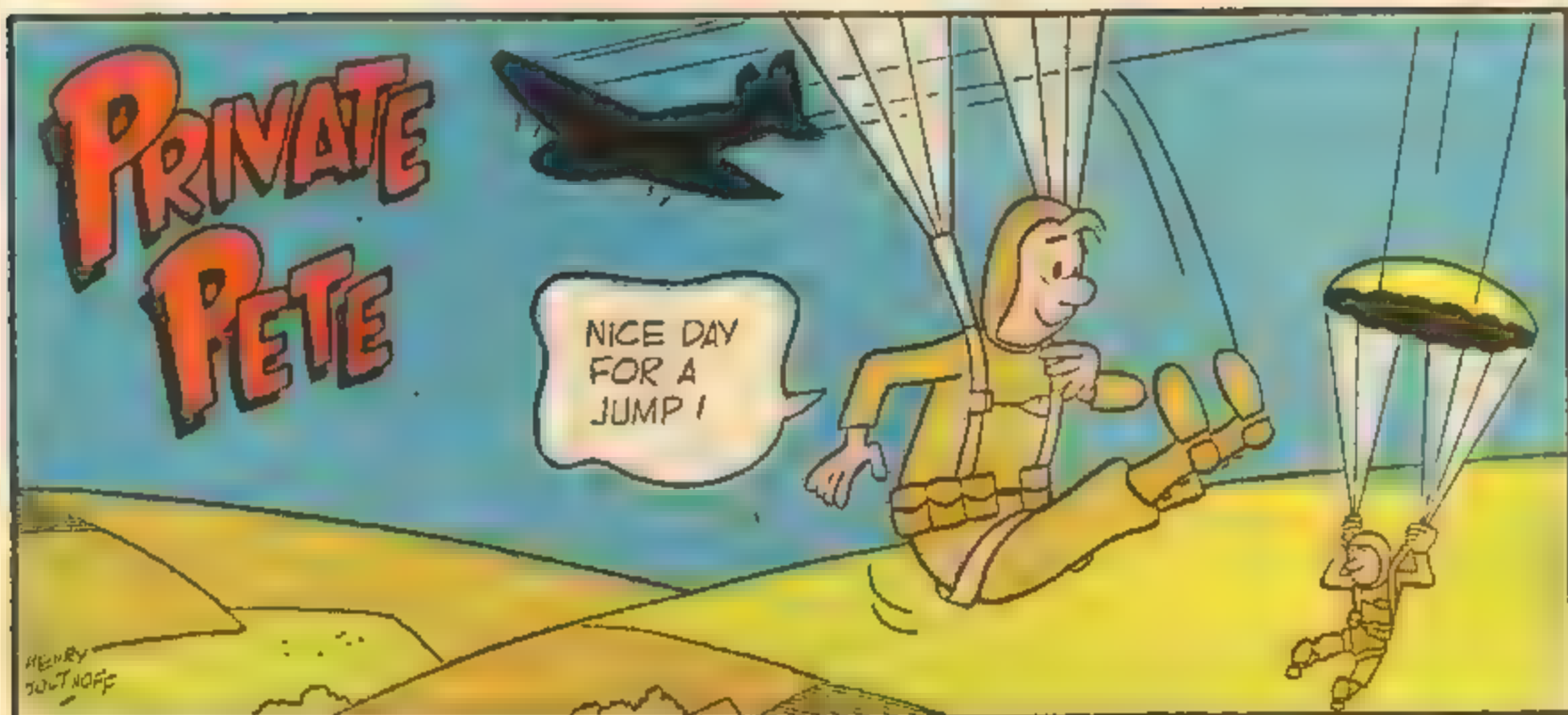
"How do you feel, Sarge?" asked Terrell.

"Like a million, and you know why? Because I've got a fine squad," he beamed. "To backtrack down that hill and get back so fast with a medic proves you have the stuff. Not to mention Terrell's courage in standing guard over me and completing the recon patrol. I'm proud to belong to a squad like yours." There was genuine admiration in his tone.

"But tell me," he added, "how did you ever make the climb back so fast?"

"We thought it was a matter of life or death, so we had to move fast," said Brody.

"So on the way back," interrupted Greene, "we used the medic's litter. While two of us carried it, one rode. Then, we changed. That way, we always had one fresh soldier to push ahead. A soldier must always be resourceful, eh, Sarge?"

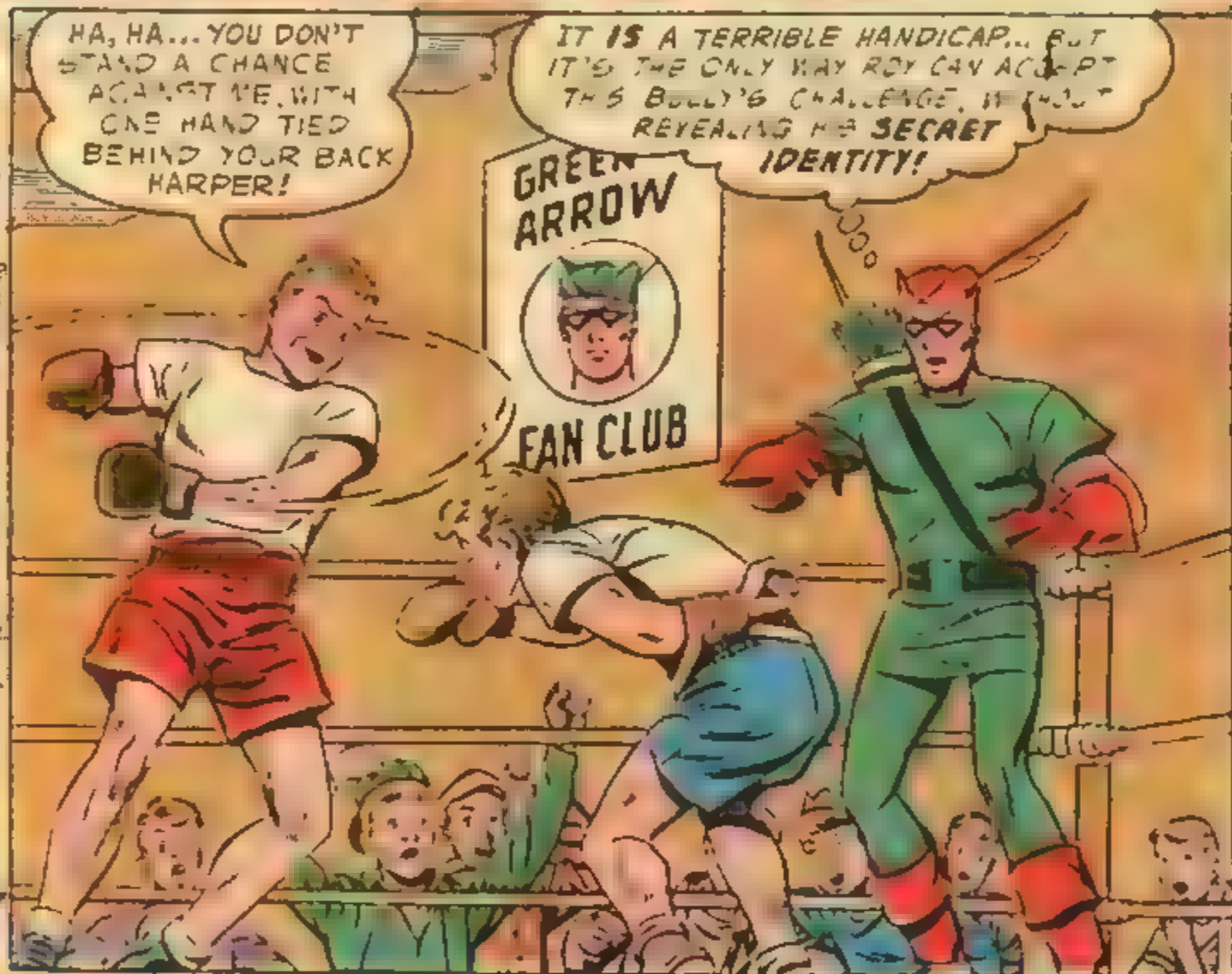




THE GREEN ARROW

IS THERE A BULLY LIVING ON YOUR BLOCK?... A BOY WHO'S ALWAYS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HIS SIZE TO PICK ON THE LITTLE FELLOWS? TOMMY BATES WAS JUST SUCH A LAD AND ROY HARPER, WHO IS SECRETLY **GREEN ARROW'S** JUNIOR PARTNER, DECIDED THAT TOMMY HAD TO BE CUT DOWN IN SIZE. LITTLE DID ROY REALIZE THE HANDICAP THAT WOULD FACE HIM, WHEN HE PLANNED...

A LESSON FOR A BULLY



EARLY ONE EVENING, AS **GREEN ARROW FAN CLUB** MEMBERS GATHER FOR A MEETING...

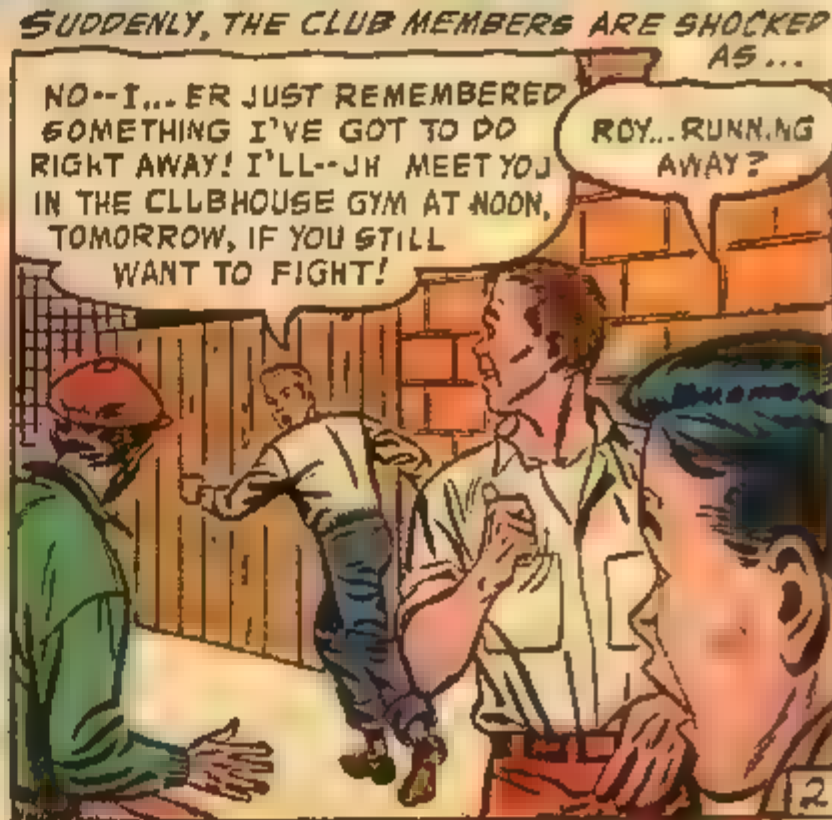
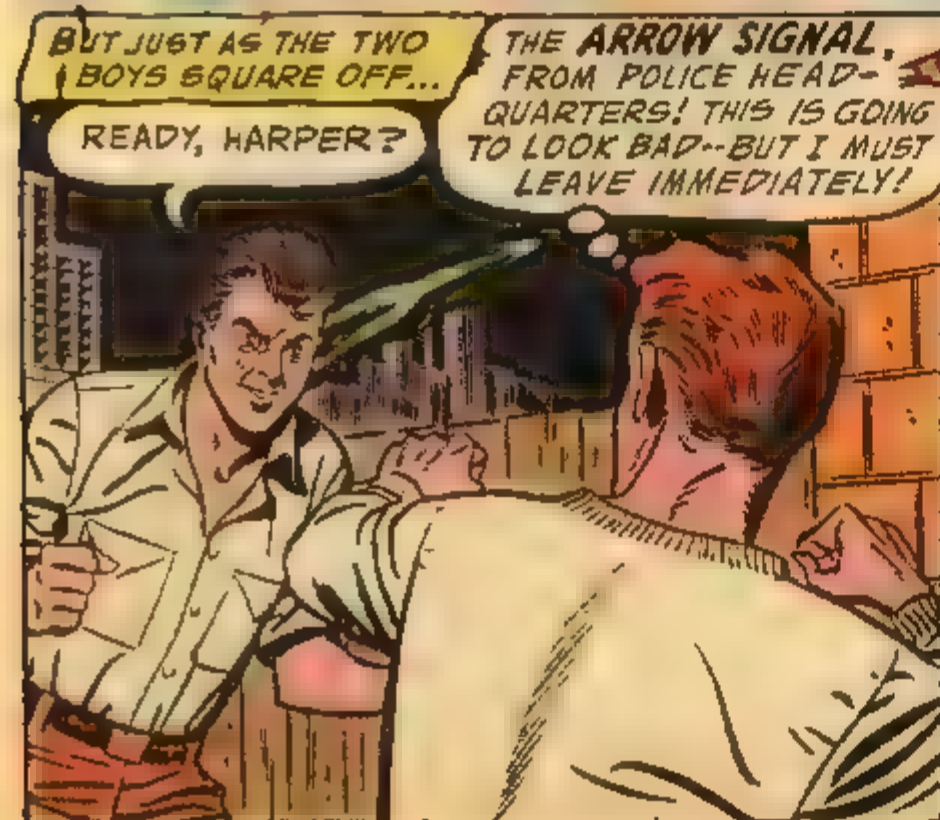
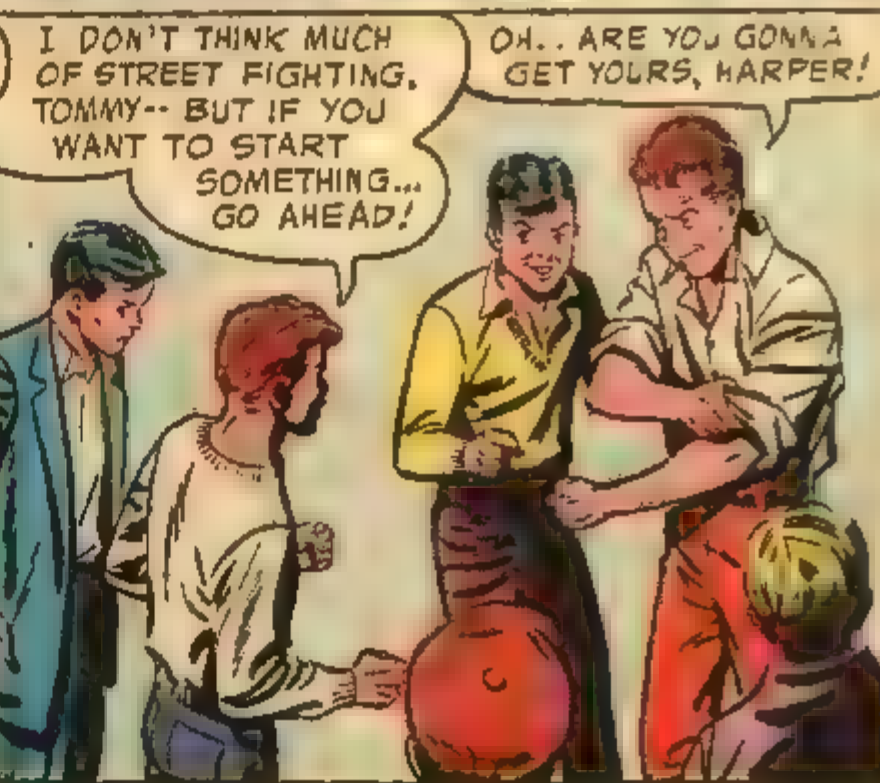
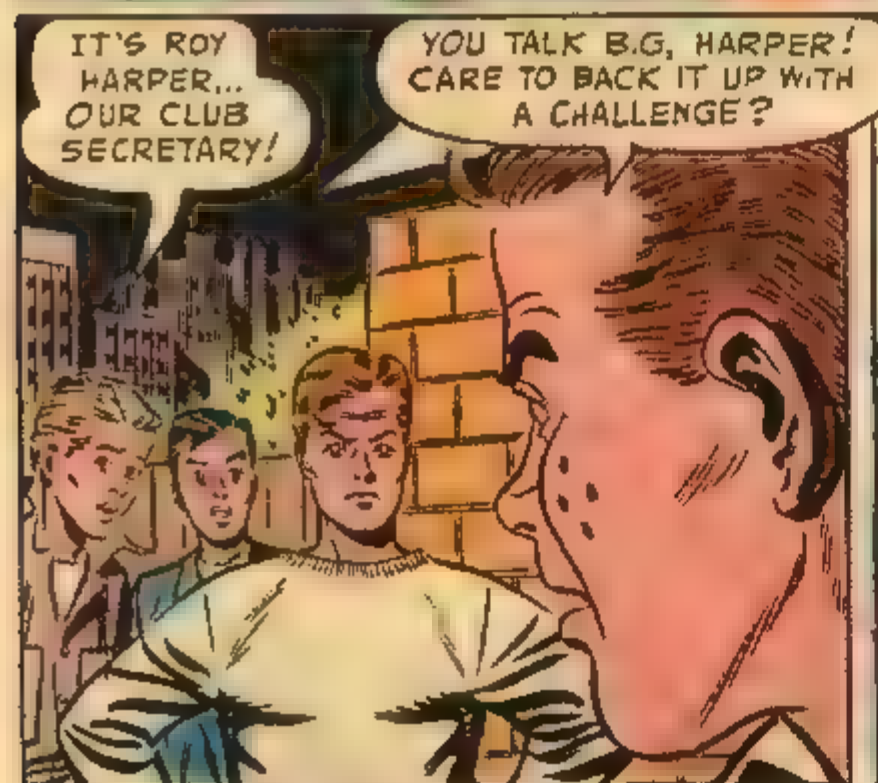
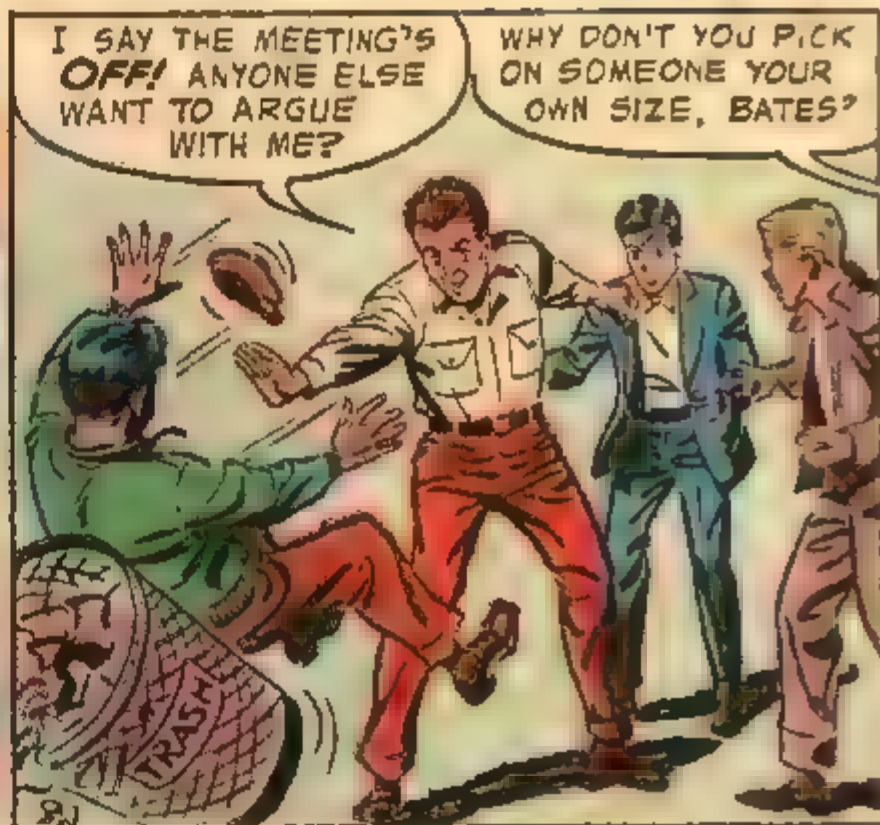
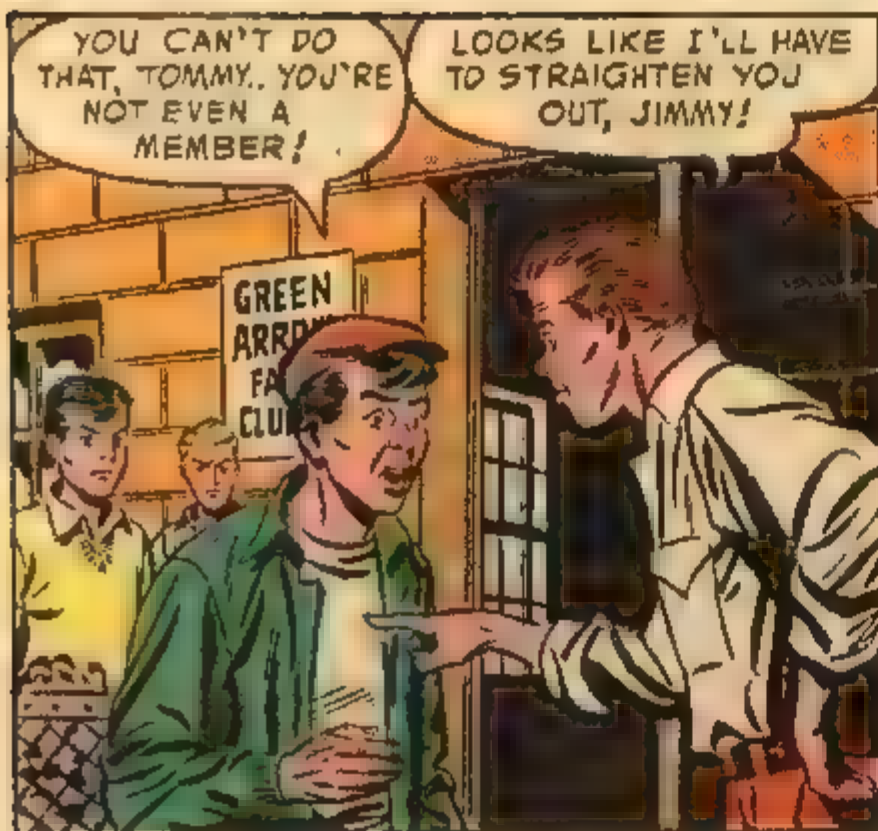
STICK AROUND AND WATCH ME THROW A SCARE INTO THOSE KIDS, UNCLE FRANK!

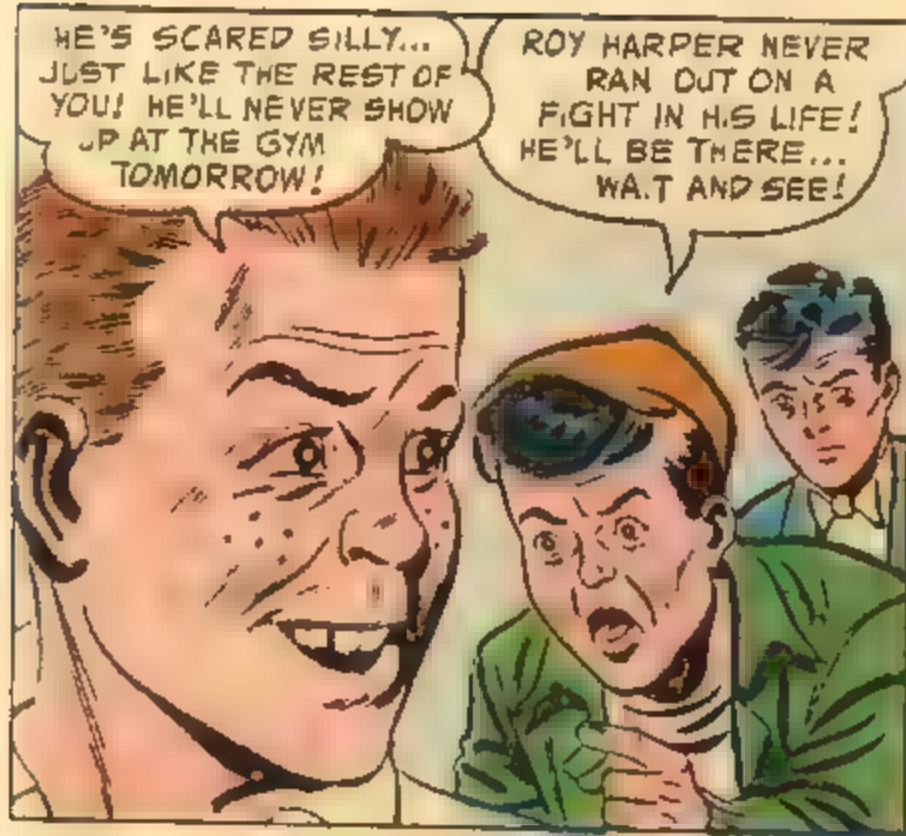
SOME OTHER TIME, KID--I'M IN A RUSH! BUT LET 'EM KNOW WHO'S BOSS.

HERE COMES THAT BULLY, TOMMY BATES! WHY CAN'T HE LEAVE US ALONE?

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS--BREAK IT UP! I JUST CALLED OFF YOUR MEETING!

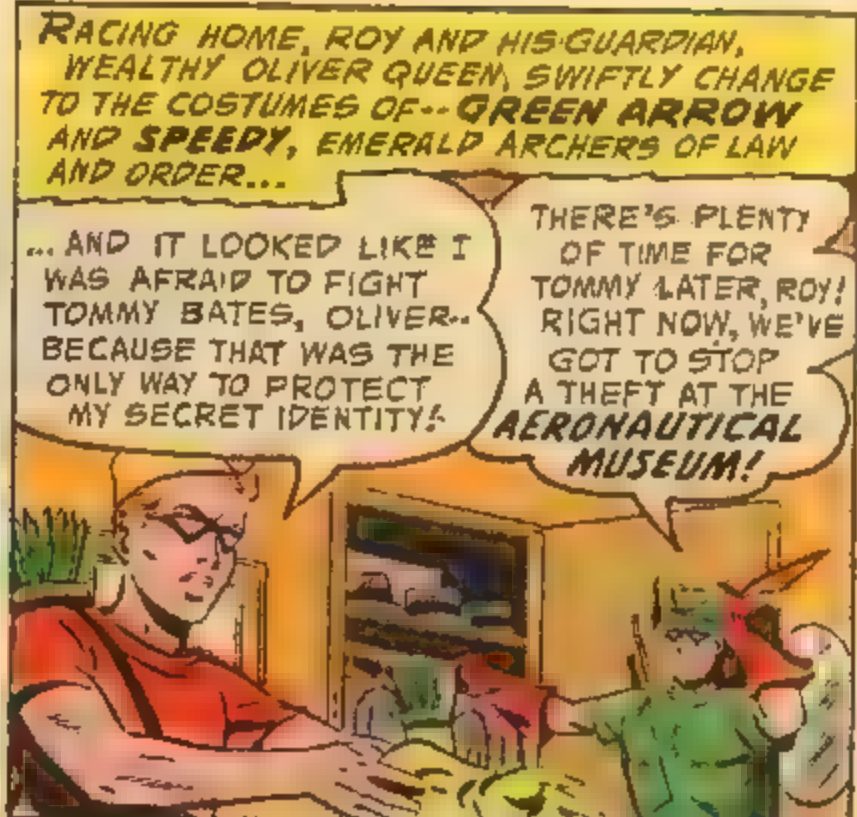
GREEN ARROW FAN CLUB





HE'S SCARED SILLY... JUST LIKE THE REST OF YOU! HE'LL NEVER SHOW UP AT THE GYM TOMORROW!

ROY HARPER NEVER RAN OUT ON A FIGHT IN HIS LIFE! HE'LL BE THERE... WAIT AND SEE!

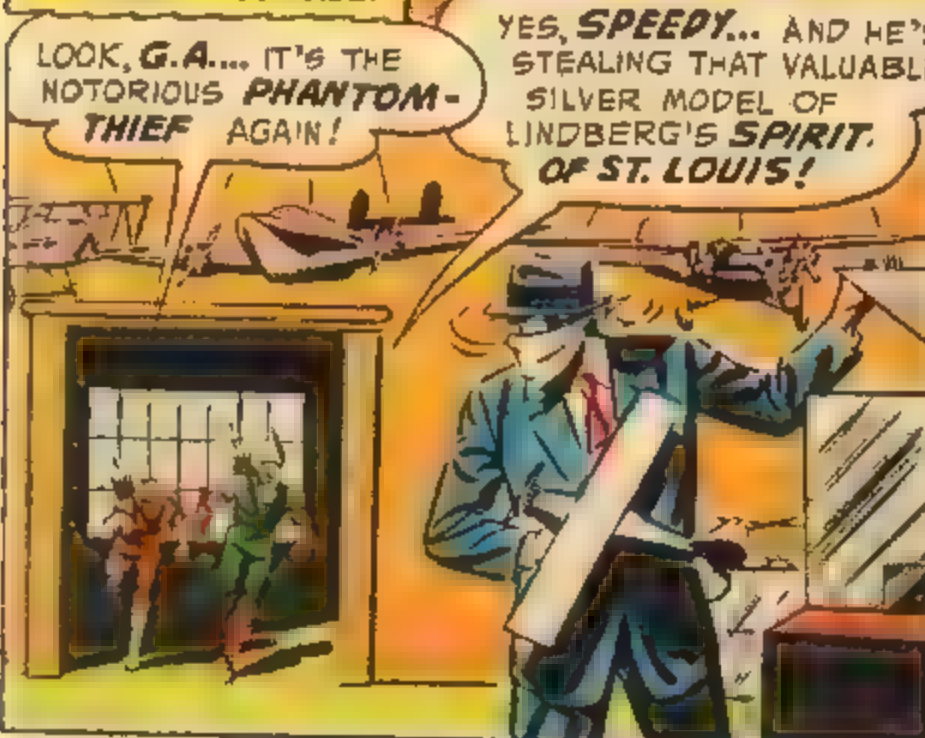


RACING HOME, ROY AND HIS GUARDIAN, WEALTHY OLIVER QUEEN, SWIFTLY CHANGE TO THE COSTUMES OF-- **GREEN ARROW** AND **SPEEDY**, EMERALD ARCHERS OF LAW AND ORDER...

...AND IT LOOKED LIKE I WAS AFRAID TO FIGHT TOMMY BATES, OLIVER.. BECAUSE THAT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO PROTECT MY SECRET IDENTITY!

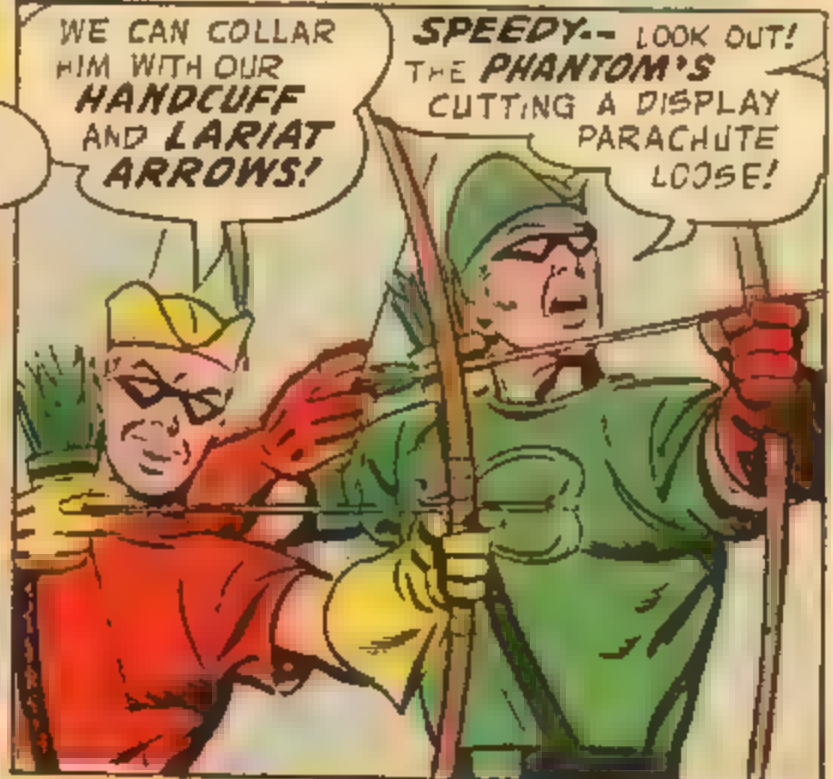
THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME FOR TOMMY LATER, ROY! RIGHT NOW, WE'VE GOT TO STOP A THEFT AT THE **AERONAUTICAL MUSEUM!**

MINUTES LATER, AS THE SWIFT **ARROWCAR** SPEEDS THE FAMED TEAM TO THE REPORTED ROBBERY LOCALE..



LOOK, **G.A.**... IT'S THE NOTORIOUS **PHANTOM-THIEF** AGAIN!

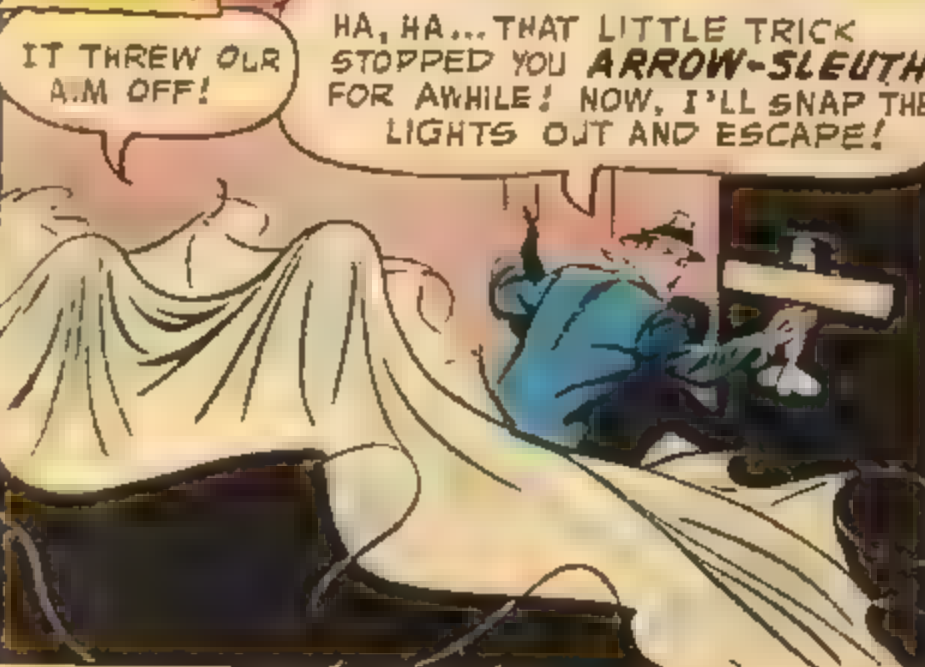
YES, **SPEEDY**... AND HE'S STEALING THAT VALUABLE SILVER MODEL OF LINDBERG'S **SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS!**



WE CAN COLLAR HIM WITH OUR **HANDCUFF** AND **LARIAT ARROWS!**

SPEEDY-- LOOK OUT! THE **PHANTOM'S** CUTTING A DISPLAY PARACHUTE LOOSE!

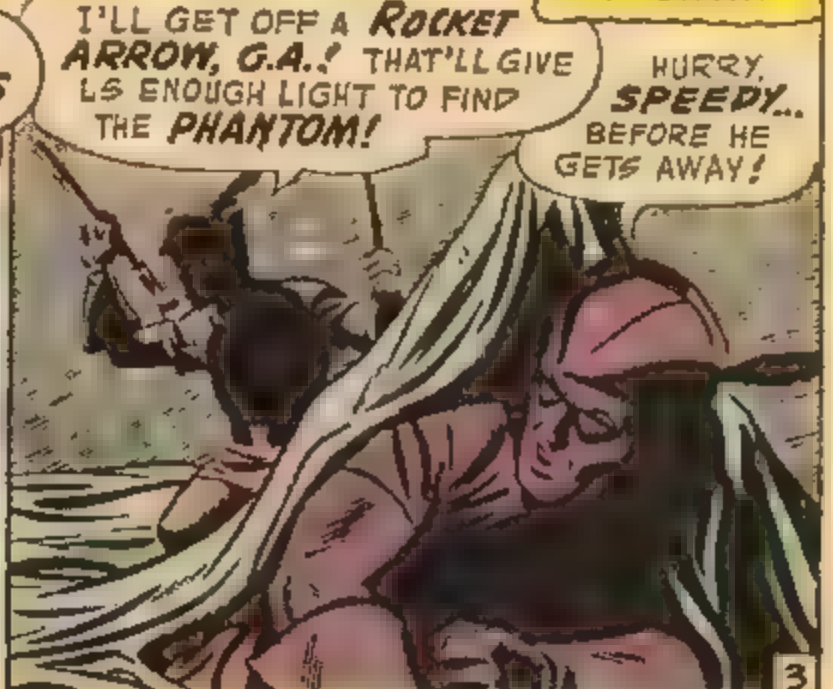
AND AS THE PARACHUTE BILLOWS DOWN FROM ABOVE...



IT THREW OUR AIM OFF!

HA, HA... THAT LITTLE TRICK STOPPED YOU **ARROW-SLEUTHS** FOR AWHILE! NOW, I'LL SNAP THE LIGHTS OUT AND ESCAPE!

SCRAMBLING TO HIS FEET IN THE DARKNESS, THE QUICK-THINKING **SPEEDY** DECIDES ON A PLAN...



I'LL GET OFF A **ROCKET ARROW, G.A.!** THAT'LL GIVE US ENOUGH LIGHT TO FIND THE **PHANTOM!**

HURRY, **SPEEDY**... BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!

BUT FATE DEALS THE ARCHERS A CRUEL BLOW, AS...

WHAT...?

A FAULTY
ARROW!
IT MISFIRED!

COME ON, G.A.!
THE PHANTOM'S ESCAPING...
AND HE'S GOT THAT
SILVER PLANE!

WE'LL HAVE TO
GAMBLE ON
CATCHING HIM
LATER... **SPEEDY!**
RIGHT NOW, THIS
BURN NEEDS
IMMEDIATE
ATTENTION!

OUTSIDE, WHERE REPORTERS HAVE
REACHED THE SCENE...

A **FLARE**
ARROW BURNED
SPEEDY'S ARM?
HOW BADLY IS HE
HURT, **GREEN**
ARROW?

PRETTY BAD,
FELLOWS...
SORRY WE CAN'T
STOP FOR AN INTER-
VIEW NOW!

LATER, IN THEIR SECRET
ARROW-CAVE...

I'LL HAVE TO KEEP THIS ARM
BANDAGED FOR A **WEEK**?
BUT, G.A.-- IF I DON'T
SHOW UP FOR THAT FIGHT
TOMORROW, WITH TOMMY
BATES, I'LL
REALLY LOOK
LIKE A
COWARD!

I KNOW,
SPEEDY...
YET THIS ARM
MUST NOT BE
MOVED!

WHAT'S MORE, EVERY
NEWSPAPER WILL BE
CARRYING THE STORY OF
YOUR BURNED FOREARM! IF
ROY HARPER APPEARS
WITH A BANDAGED ARM AT
THE **GREEN ARROW FAN**
CLUB, YOU'LL BE JEOPARDIZING
YOUR SECRET IDENTITY!
STILL--WE'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING...

NEXT DAY, AT NOON...

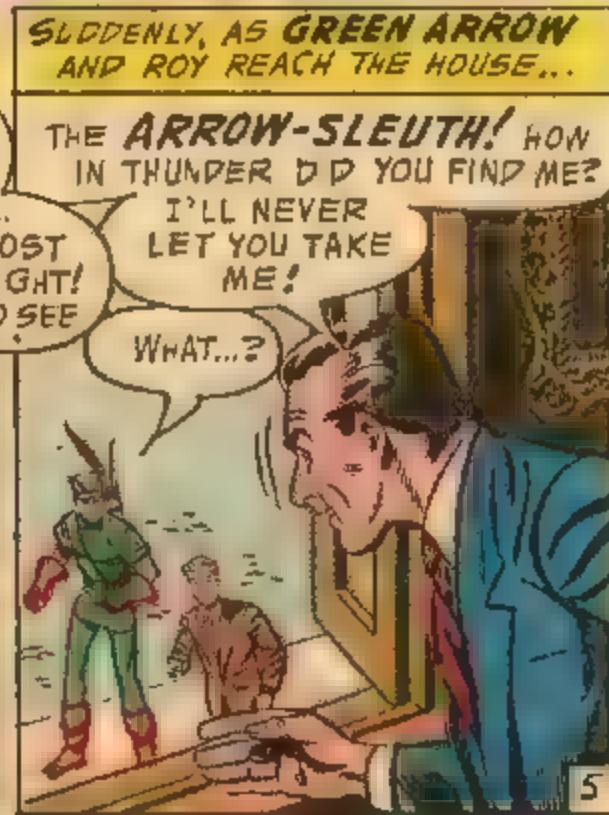
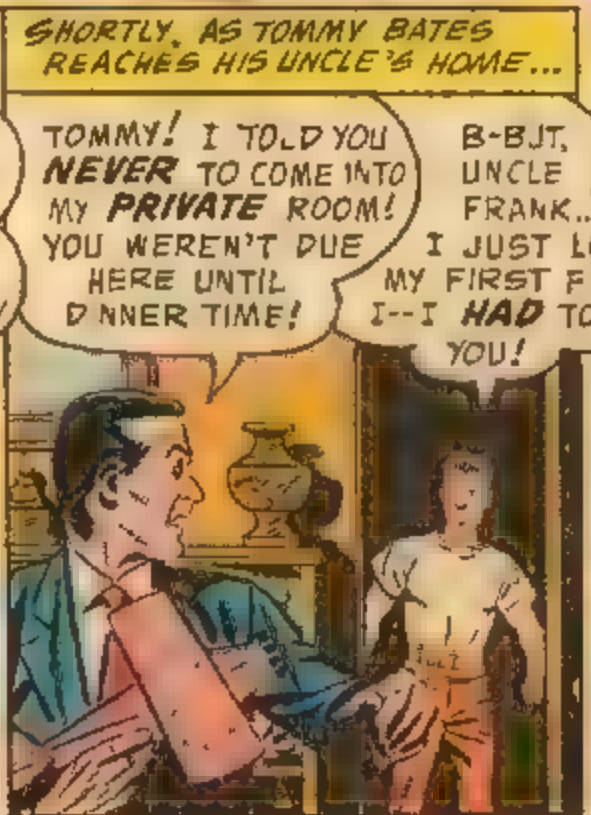
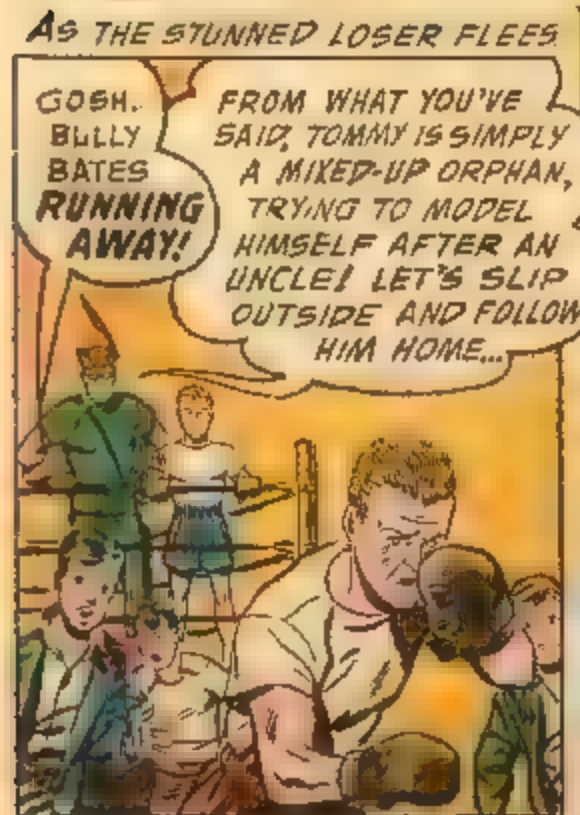
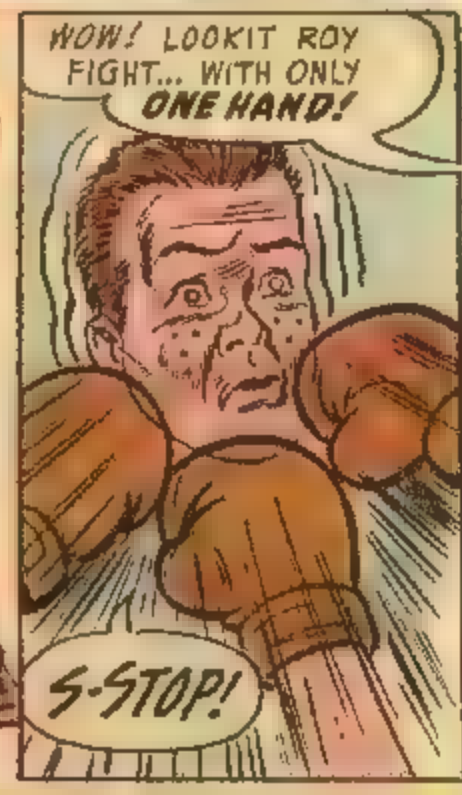
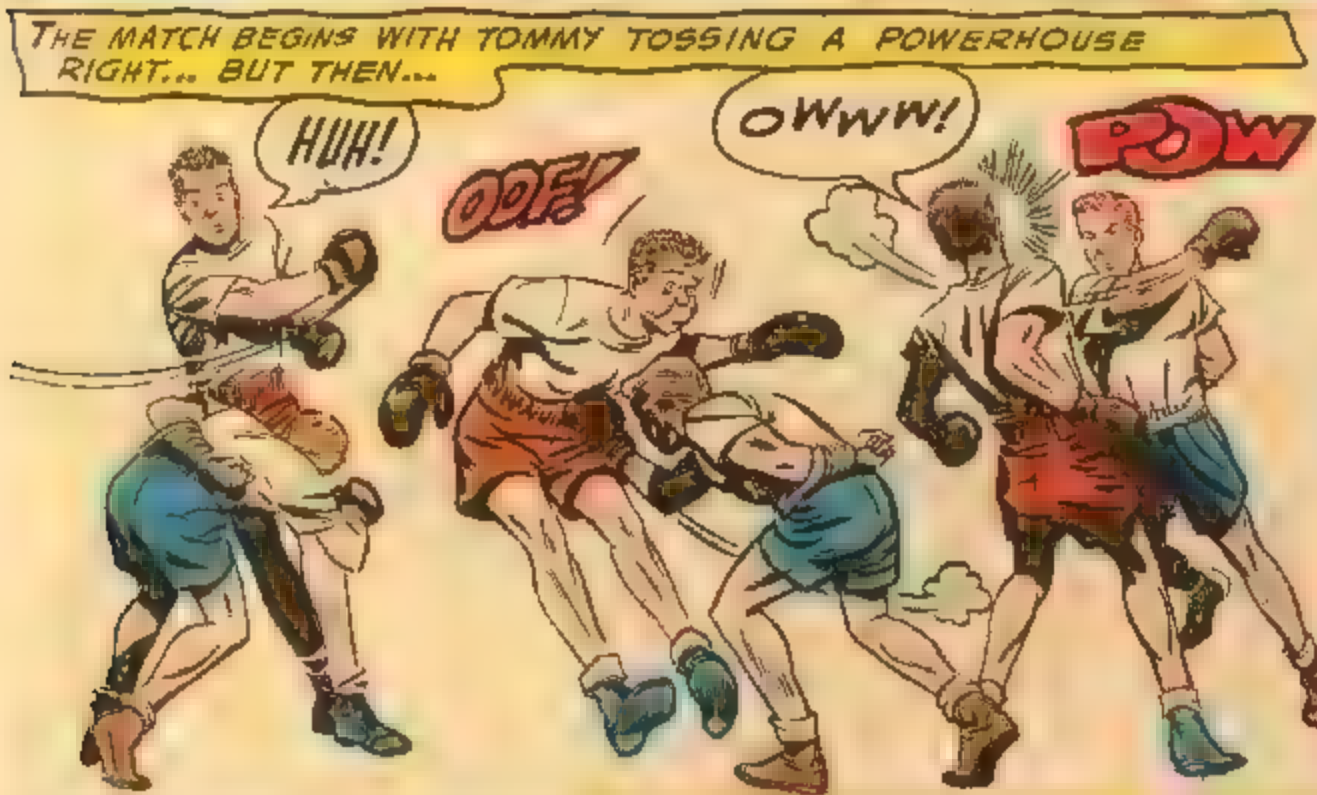
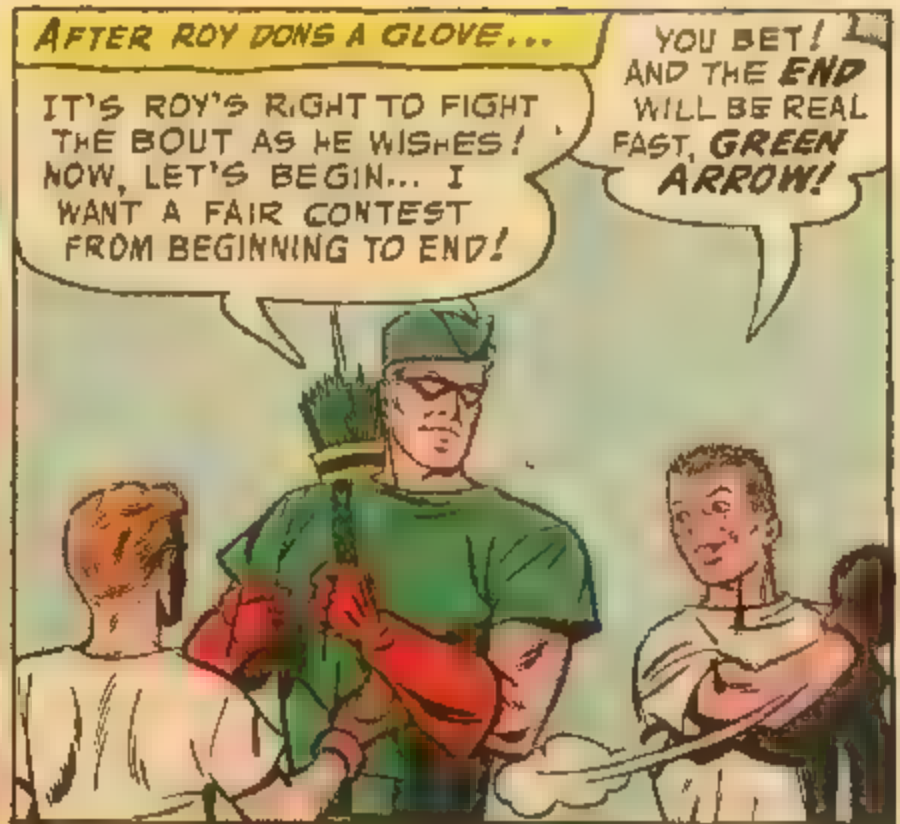
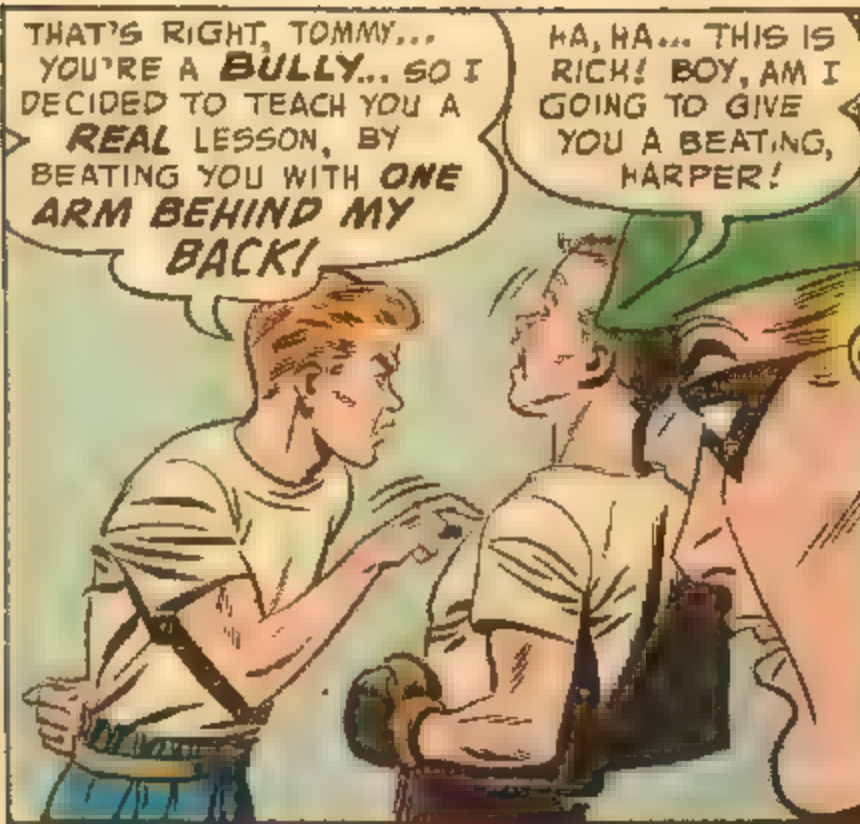
THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS! I HEARD
ABOUT THE CHALLENGE FIGHT,
AND I'VE COME TO REFEREE
IT!

HUH! IT'S AFTER
TWELVE AND
ROY HARPER
ISN'T EVEN HERE!
HE WON'T COME... HE'S
AFRAID OF ME!

BUT JUST THEN...

HERE'S ROY NOW!
BUT LOOK AT HIS
ARM...

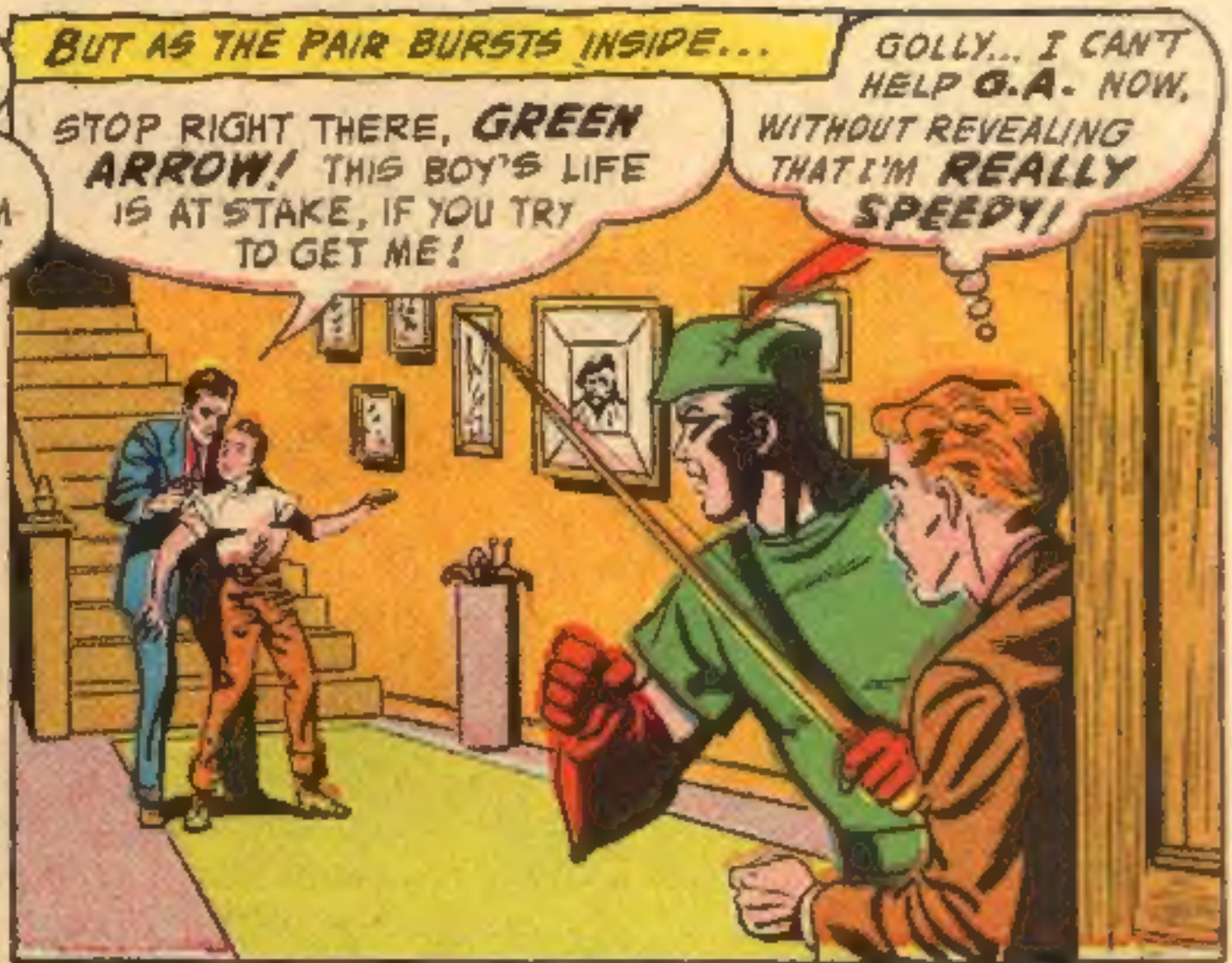
HE'S GOT IT TIED BEHIND
HIS BACK, WITH A
BELT!





ROY THAT SOUNDED LIKE THE VOICE OF THE **PHANTOM**-- AND ONLY HE CALLS ME THE **ARROW-SLEUTH!**

WHAT A BREAK... YOU'VE CAUGHT HIM FLAT-FOOTED, **G.A.!**



BUT AS THE PAIR BURSTS INSIDE...

STOP RIGHT THERE, **GREEN ARROW!** THIS BOY'S LIFE IS AT STAKE, IF YOU TRY TO GET ME!

GOLLY... I CAN'T HELP **G.A.** NOW, WITHOUT REVEALING THAT I'M **REALLY SPEEDY!**



UNCLE FRANK-- WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YOU RISKING MY LIFE? WHY ARE YOU AFRAID OF **GREEN ARROW?**

SHUT UP, KID!

ONLY ONE CHANCE-- AND MY AIM MUST BE PERFECT...



ABRUPTLY, AS **GREEN ARROW'S BOW** TWANGS...

A **BOLAS ARROW!** IT WORKS LIKE THE WEAPON USED BY SOUTH AMERICAN COWBOYS, TO TRIP UP ANIMALS!

DON'T WORRY... IT WON'T HURT YOU, TOMMY!



WHEN THE FRIGHTENED YOUNGSTER IS FREED...

YOU MUST BE A CROOK! WHY ELSE WOULD **GREEN ARROW** COME AFTER YOU? I WAS A FOOL TO TRY TO BE LIKE YOU!

STEADY, TOMMY... EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW!



AND SO, WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...

GEE-- TO THINK I WAS COPYING THE **PHANTOM!** I THOUGHT BEING TOUGH WAS SMART... BUT NOW I KNOW BETTER! I'M SORRY, ROY!

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, TOMMY... YOU WERE MISLED BY A VICIOUS MAN! FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO APPRECIATE THE GOOD SIDE OF LIFE!

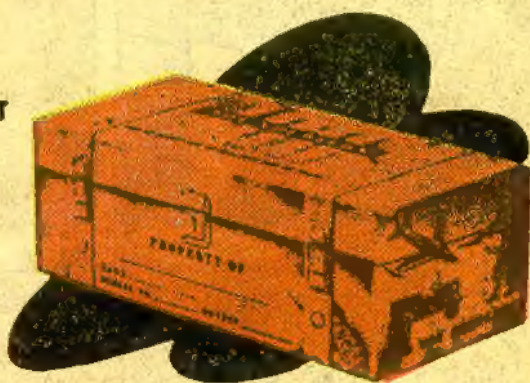
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100 Toy Soldiers \$1.25



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Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35c each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25c for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

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REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.



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ACT NOW!

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WE ARE RELIABLE!

Cameras, Corn Poppers, Speedball Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware, Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail coupon for SALVE and pictures to start.

ACT NOW

BE FIRST

LET'S GO

Food Choppers, (sent postage paid). Sets, Bibles, Mail coupon.

LOOK!

Footballs, Telescopes (sent postage paid). Boys', Girls' Bicycles (express chgs. collect).

ACT NOW!

ACT NOW

Ukeleles, Watches, Lovable Dolls.

Radios, Candid Cameras with carrying cases, Telescopes, Roller Skates (sent postage paid). . . . Mail coupon to start.

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Mail coupon for SALVE and pictures to start.

Boys', Girls' Wrist Watches, Baking Sets, Typewriters, etc.

Lucite Dresser Sets, Cook Books, etc.

ACT NOW!

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRINGING MY NEW CAMERA!

JUMPIN' JUPITER! YOU'RE SURE SIZZLING TH' OL' ROCKET TODAY, TED!

I'VE EARNED A SWELL RADIO AND A TELESCOPE TOO! IT'S EASY SELLING TO YOUR FRIENDS - AND YOU GIVE 'EM THESE SWELL ART PICTURES -

THAT'S FOR ME!

SAY! THAT CAMERA SURE IS SUPERSONIC! YOU MUST HAVE STRUCK A URANIUM LODE!

DIDN'T COST ME A DIME - JUST GOT IT FOR SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!

HURRY AN' GET DE-PRES-SURIZED!

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES - I'M MAILING THE COUPON FOR THAT BIG NEW PREMIUM CATALOG NOW!

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